

Quadrant

An Australian Quarterly Review

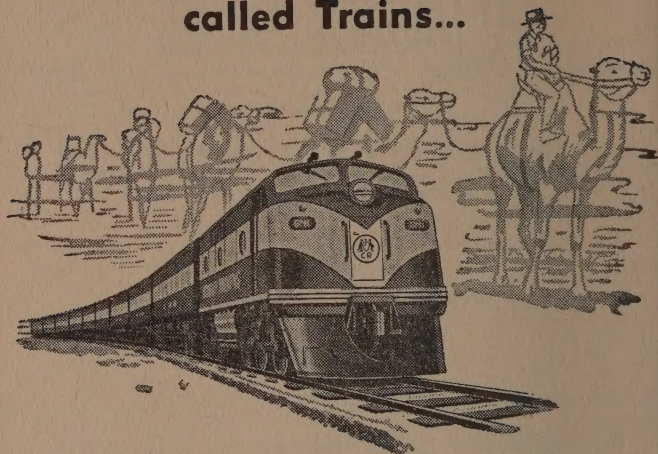
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COMMENT

TOTAL WORK

ONE OF the results of the 'hundred flowers' period in China was the revelation to the outside world and to the Communists themselves of the inner dissent of the intellectuals. The subsequent 'rectification campaign' revealed further facts, which led a party official in October 1958 to write: 'It was proved that the majority of the intellectuals were still bourgeois in their political ideology, that that political ideal was to take the capitalist road towards bourgeois "democracy" and "freedom" since they admire the capitalist material civilization and way of life as a whole,' (Chang Chih-yi in *Chung Kuo Ching Nien Pao*, 16 June, 1958).

At the same time, a New China News Agency *Bulletin* (24 September 1958) proclaimed the 'great leap forward' being taken in the cultural field. This was done in the form of production statistics. For example: 'In Sulu *hsien*, Hopei Province, half of the country's population of 400,000 is engaged in some form of writing or other artistic creation . . . they have already produced 1.4 million items.'

Does not the approach evidenced by statistics of this sort provide one of the basic reasons for the continued inner alienation of the intellectuals? Their attachment to so-called 'bourgeois' and 'capitalist' values is really the recognition that the universal conditions of genuine intellectual and artistic life are contradicted by the regime. Those conditions constitute the meaning of the word 'liberal' as traditionally applied to learning and the arts. It is precisely in his intellectual and artistic life that the individual affirms himself as a *person* and transcends material conditions or social demands. These exist, he is acted on by them, but he is not wholly enclosed and absorbed by them, because he breaks through to the sphere of disinterested activity and contemplation.

Communist theory and practice attempts to obliterate this sphere of the non-utilitarian and contemplative. The intellectual and the artist must be purged of the Original Sin of striving for a free personal activity and be wholly absorbed within the pragmatic and useful as determined by the State. His is a production that can be planned and prescribed and measured

like any other: he is a functionary, a 'brain worker', valuable only as he fulfils requirements. It is the theory and practice of 'total work' as opposed to the traditional view of the higher cultural activities as pursued, in the last resort, 'for their own sake'.

The alternative to 'total work' is not the Ivory Tower. Art and science can indeed be useful in various ways. The thinker and the artist normally pursue their disinterested activity within a context of the socially relevant. It is only where the external demands, whether they come from commercialism or from totalitarian politics, are phrased so as to threaten the inner integrity of the creative act that the 'useful' and the 'liberal' cease to be complementary and become radically opposed. China is at present the place where this opposition has been most systematically engineered. The spectacle of peasants, who have been robbed by the regime of everything they care for, going through the motions of producing 1.4 million items of socially approved 'people's art'; and of intellectuals and writers, who (on the regime's own admission) would rather be in a capitalist democracy, forcing their talents to glorify the regime that stifles them, is painful to contemplate. So we ignore it, and prefer travellers' tales.

QUADRANT PRIZE

The Quadrant Prize of £100 donated by Mr. Adolph Basser for the best contribution to Quadrant Nos. 7-10 has been awarded by the judges, the editors of Encounter, to Peter Hastings for his 'Portrait of Krishna Menon' in No. 7. Through the generosity of Mr. Basser the prize will be offered each year for the next four years.

ON TOLERANCE

F. Knöpfelmacher

AT A TIME when terms once used by thoughtful men to communicate ideas are bandied about as emptied-out slogans by political manipulators—some of them in academic garb—one must be somewhat pedantic about meaning. To make a rational discussion of tolerance possible, it is necessary first, to clarify a few issues related to the kind of behaviour which can be judged as tolerant or as intolerant. Such behaviour is always relevant, in some more or less complex way, to values, which can be formulated as rules of conduct, or as norms stating desirable qualities of the human condition in general or of social organization. To say that a person accepts a set of values is to imply that he will try to regulate his conduct appropriately. It also implies that he will praise and blame himself and others accordingly. It is logically possible to accept a set of values as binding, yet consistently violate them, and it is therefore legitimate to distinguish between amoral and consistently immoral behaviour in relation to a norm. Such a distinction, though logically valid, is however practically spurious. Values not reflected in action are without social significance. We may express this by borrowing a Kantian turn of phrase: values without action are empty, action without values is blind.

In every known human society some values are inculcated by education. The individual is made to accept certain norms of conduct as basic, in that he is conditioned to expect punishment if he violates them, and, sometimes reward if he consistently satisfies them. Education is 'successful' if the individual accepts the norms imposed on him by the educators as his own, suppressing impulses to violate the norms quite independently, without external threat or compulsion. Expressed in common sociological jargon, education is a success if the basic cultural norms have become 'internalized'. A society is tolerant if it permits free choice between many alternative values, and if it does not punish the violation of norms with great harshness. More precisely, a society is tolerant in so far as free choice is maximized and the use of pressure to enforce social norms is minimized.

Tolerance depends on social organization. The freedom to choose between values means nothing if it cannot be translated

into action, and action can be effective only if there are institutional facilities to promote it. It would be futile to offer free political choice if there did not exist institutionalized pressure-groups such as political parties, trade unions, and so on, which were designed to promote specific interests and values. It follows that freedom and the diversity of choice can be socially significant only in a society where social power is distributed and vested in many different, often antagonistic institutions: the political basis of tolerance and freedom is pluralism—the multi-centric society. Monolithic societies would render free choice futile even if they did not penalize subjective, private dissent, as they in fact do under conditions of modern totalitarianism.

Tolerant societies may be stable as well as unstable. Stability will depend on compatibility, in action, of permitted alternative values and on the degree to which norms have been internalized. If individuals were permitted to choose between alternatives which lead to totally incompatible courses of action, chaotic strife would prevail. Absolute freedom of individual and social action is inconsistent with any viable social organization. Certain basic limitations have to be placed on the scope of individual and group action in any society. These limitations may vary in extent and explicitness but they seem to entail, directly or indirectly, *at least* the acceptance of the norm that other people have certain rights and interests which ought to be respected. The grounds adduced to justify these limitations may be theological, merely humanistic, or utilitarian. From the point of view of institutional stability, it does not matter very much *how* they are justified, provided that they are accepted and internalized. In a society where individual conduct is properly regulated by self-imposed rules, little violence will be necessary to enforce them. Conversely, if there is little external compulsion in a society where norms are poorly internalized individual behaviour may become unpredictable, and the institutional framework shaky and unworkable. Those among our psychologists and educators who believe that permissive education is a prop to liberal culture should think twice before they press permissiveness to the point where it weakens internalization of basic norms: they may be throwing out the child with the bathwater.

Pluralism as a permanent and accepted mode of social organization is based on the assumption that the multi-centric character of power is a permanent feature of society and not just something to be suffered unwillingly while the contest for absolute social domination lasts. The Communists and the Fascists regard

pluralism as transitory, to be endured and even bolstered up while 'the party' is too weak to assume total control: a state of affairs which will cease as soon as conquest of power is attained, and all alternative centres of power can be safely liquidated. Totalitarian opposition to pluralism is often rationalized by denying that social power is genuinely multi-centric. Thus a Communist will usually claim that all societies are ipso facto class-despotisms and that political pluralism is merely a dictatorship of the bourgeoisie in disguise. Behind the facade of seemingly autonomous institutions in a capitalist democracy there lurks the 'real' power-elite—the monopolists and their administrative retainers, the people who hold all the strings. The totalitarian view, which is quite incompatible with political toleration, has important programmatic consequences. One of them is that totalitarians, and particularly the Communists, regard any institution no matter how politically innocuous as a device of political domination. Consequently, once they gain a foothold in any institution, no matter how unpolitical, they will use it quite ruthlessly for purposes which are at variance with institutional integrity.

There is a very widely held belief, particularly among social scientists that intolerance and prejudice are causally connected. The term 'prejudice' is left comfortably vague and is generally used in a pejorative sense to label the myths and beliefs of traditionalist groups. The almost equally unscientific mythology of the 'liberal intelligentsia' is rarely if ever classed as prejudice. Prejudice, as we understand the term in this article, is *any* view about the human condition expressed as a testable proposition which is either contrary to fact, or at least not borne out by empirical evidence. Prejudice is almost universal and is certainly not absent among liberals. It often happens that a group with an ideology consisting almost entirely of prejudice is very tolerant, in that it does not press strife pursued in the name of its false notions too far. The traditional English upper-class Blimp, for instance, was a highly prejudiced social type. Yet despite the fact that his views were almost totally at variance with reality, the Blimp was tolerant. He never resorted to organized anti-semitism, and he did not press the proposition that 'niggers begin at Calais' too far in matters of foreign policy. Dislike of 'the rabble' and fear of the Trade Unions were always present, yet Labour leaders were admitted into the House of Lords and franchise was extended to cover the whole adult population of the United Kingdom. And when the inmates of the colonial pseudo-nursery were eventually released, with fairly good grace,

it became obvious that the Blimp was taking his nurse-child interpretation of Empire much more seriously than cynics care to admit.

It has become fashionable among some people to extend the meaning of the term 'prejudice' in an unwarranted manner, so as to cover any *strongly* held belief or value, irrespective of truth or falsity. The habit of philosophical doubt, which is a perfectly legitimate device of analytical philosophy has been stretched to justify lack of commitment in fundamental matters of social policy, and it has been misused to encourage an attitude of mock-serene connivance towards totalitarian conspiracies directed against pluralism. While it must be freely conceded at once that both the spokesmen of the enslaved as well as those who speak on behalf of their masters are using language in a systematically misleading manner, it seems important that they are using it for different purposes. The spokesmen of the victims advocate the abolition of concentration-camp regimes, while the spokesmen of the masters are trying to justify them. This difference of purpose, and not the relative logical purity of discourse prompts us to take sides. It might be tempting to insinuate that those who assure us from time to time that Communists are not worse than other metaphysicians—they all fail to live up to the principles of proper conceptual usage—have in fact been misled about the logical geography of 'philosophical detachment'.

The people who equate tolerance with lack of commitment usually claim that they can derive support from the social sciences. They operate with a fairly systematic set of arguments and beliefs, which may be called, for want of a better name, 'social scientism'. Social scientism is the unwarranted and misleading use of modern anthropology and psychoanalytic ideology for purposes of quasi-debunking. Modern anthropological research has shown that fundamental norms concerning family structure, incest, property, and many other value-judgments which regulate the pattern of approbation and reprimand vary from culture to culture. It appears to follow that, since fundamental value-judgments are relative, moral obligation has lost its universal character and is, therefore, no longer binding. The conclusion is, in fact, a non-sequitur based on a suppressed premise of doubtful validity, namely, that the claim to universal validity—a logical property of some norms—and their universal acceptance or non-acceptance—an anthropological fact—are logically equivalent. Anthropologists have, indeed, established the existence of alternative moral codes. Yet the fact that people of different cultures regard

different and conflicting norms as binding, does not imply that the notion of moral obligation with its implicit reliance on impersonal maxims has been undermined by 'modern science'. There is no reason why one should not accept, as universally binding, norms which one knows are not universally accepted.

The other pillar of social scientism is psychoanalytic ideology. Unlike a scientific theory, which is a body of testable propositions accepted because they are confirmed by experiment and observation, an ideology is accepted irrespective of whether it is empirically confirmed or not. Ideologies are not necessarily false. A body of propositions accepted as an ideology *may* be true, yet truth as evinced by experiment and observation is not the criterion of acceptance. One cannot deny that it is nowadays difficult to write anything sensible about human society without at least some psychoanalytic concepts. This alone proves that some of these concepts are very illuminating. Yet it is also quite obvious that the wide dissemination of psychoanalytical doctrines is ideological and that it is not based on critical scrutiny of the empirical evidence. Despite the well-known fact that some of the basic psychoanalytical postulates are either unsupported by empirical evidence or inconsistent with it, psychoanalysis is still regarded as the last word among our progressives. In various diluted forms it has now become the basis of educational psychology particularly in the United States. Whenever a protagonist of social scientism is confronted with evidence demonstrating the scientific inadequacy of the psychoanalytic creed he will resort to special pleading and to evasive arguments which he is quick to condemn when they are used by defenders of traditional religion. He will say, separately or all at once, that the evidence is too crude and that we have to wait until observations can be made in such a way that the subtleties of the doctrine will be met. He will insist that only those initiated into the esoteric skills of psychoanalytic procedure by personal participation are capable of understanding the inner sense of the Freudian message, and he will even assert, when pressed too hard, that Freudian doctrines are intuitively obvious and do not need confirmation. Thus, in marshalling what are in fact standard arguments against scientific method used, through the ages, by defenders of prophecy and witchcraft, and by the more irrational among the theologians, in defence of what purports to be a scientific theory, the addict of social scientism lays himself open to a charge of intellectual dishonesty. Unlike a theologian he cannot salvage his commitments by appealing to revelation: he is supposed to be a tough-minded rationalist.

The effects of psychoanalytic ideology on our culture have been disastrous, for reasons quite unconnected with sexual morality as such, ever since Freud replaced Calvin as the accredited prophet of the Anglo-American bourgeoisie. Under the influence of psychoanalysis it is now widely assumed that human existence is determined, almost without residue, by childish and totally irrational impulses and appetites. Other human beings, like human excrements or one's thumb, are just so many objects for satiating the appetites of a *libidinous monad*, propelled by the 'pleasure principle', and using its reason exclusively for the purpose of avoiding obstacles. We are taught that the healthy 'normal' is a consumption-oriented hedonist whose sole aim in life is and ought to be *adjustment*, i.e. getting into a position where one can pursue, without conflict or stress, consumer goods and 'love objects'. Nothing else counts. Freud's own views about the *aims* of human existence are surrounded by systematic ambiguity and their implied nihilism is occasionally denied by Freudian public relations officers. Yet there can be little doubt how Freud's views have been interpreted within the culture where they have now become an orthodoxy. The current American philosophy of education which values social skills, group harmony, and 'integration' above everything else in life stems directly from psychoanalytic ideology. The frantic desire to be 'loved' at all costs, the belief that ideas and arguments do not really matter if you can manipulate biological and conditioned drives and incentives appropriately, are some consequences with the more obviously disastrous political corollaries.

Psychoanalytic ideology is outlawed in Communist countries, and anthropology is under suspicion as a bourgeois science. This, however, does not prevent some official spokesmen of social scientism from indulging occasionally in prolonged bouts of fellow-travelling. Their reasoning runs, roughly, as follows: 'Consumption-oriented hedonism is, of course, the proper attitude to life and it would be good if social conditions made pleasure universally attainable. The Communists are creating such conditions in a systematic and rational manner. Our own society does not.' Two things are to be noted about this argument. First, by its concern for the interests of other people it betrays remnants of a pre-Freudian mentality. This is, in a way, hopeful. But it also betrays a degree of ignorance about conditions in Communist countries which must be regarded as pathological, coming as it does from professional intellectuals with an impressive record of skill in critical analysis. Simple

error of fact or lack of information cannot explain a monumental lapse of sound judgment about an important subject on which information is now fully available. Without examining the causes of the pathology and the mess which it reveals behind a cheerful facade of enlightened hedonism, two things of practical consequence must be borne in mind. Firstly, people who are, or at least were, prepared to believe that power-technicians addicted to genocide can set the stage for a secular paradise are a group with a very wide margin of irrationality and, therefore, highly manipulable. The second consequence relates to debunking which is alleged to be the proper pursuit of the enlightened educator, writer and journalist. If those who debunk entertain at the same time little private delusions about a Kingdom of Heaven being under construction just round the corner in Chinese slave-cities and in similar places, they will not debunk consistently. In fact, debunking will be thoroughly one-sided and selective. None of our own accepted beliefs and values will escape hostile and damaging scrutiny; the failings of the Open Society will be ruthlessly exposed in a most penetrating manner. Yet, somehow, along the way, Communist bunk will be spared and treated with gentle reticence or halting equivocation. Unilateral debunking of this kind creates a completely distorted picture of the world, and it paves the way for unilateral disarmament, moral neutralism and surrender.

What are the effects of social scientism on political toleration? It might seem that an ideology which promotes lax indifference and hedonism creates the right kind of climate for a diversified and tolerant culture. There are no strong commitments and, therefore, no desire to engage in all-out destructive conflicts. This view ignores the fact that if a tolerant culture is to survive, its institutional basis, the multi-centric society, must be actively defended. Institutional defences can be adequately manned only by people who have closely identified their own values with those of the institution. The shallow cynicism and intellectual mushiness of social scientism just do not yield the kind of impersonal maxim which makes close identification with institutional values possible. *Social scientism breeds a kind of tolerance which stems from indifference and is, therefore, self-destructive, since it undermines the political foundations of freedom.* Political pluralism will survive only if our institutions can function effectively and if they can be protected against external and internal assault. And institutions may become defunct if institutional elites become alienated. This may come about either through intellectual

confusion—institutional values are no longer clearly understood—or through loss of belief. The two usually interact. Social scientism both reflects and accelerates this process. The result is that institutions become wide open to assault by alien forces and, by a totalitarian enemy whose threat to us is external, yet who is a past master in using internal supports. The reach of social scientism, particularly in various bowdlerized, watered-down versions is considerable. By suitable admixtures of *kitsch* and *suburbia* it has been made palatable for the unsophisticated to whom it is dished out by way of the mass-media.

The symptoms of alienation and the consequent loss of institutional integrity are all around for us to see. Thus we are told, not in hole and corner magazines only, but on the pages of reputable national newspapers, that the literary products of remarkably inept versifiers and tedious Party hacks represent a 'national tradition' of 'radical liberalism' which one is supposed to respect and value above the work of Australians of world repute, who have significantly enriched the English language. It would be superficial to put the blame for this merely on the political corruption of literary criticism which is, undoubtedly, rampant in some parts of Australia. The basic means of social power are not available to those who corrupt and numbers are not in their favour. Why then do they get their way? The basic cause is confusion and attenuation of values in the minds of some of those who are responsible for the maintenance of critical standards. The appropriate norms of evaluation are no longer clearly perceived by them, and are being consequently mixed up with institutionally alien and irrelevant criteria, such as 'social realism', 'Australian radicalism' and so on. These criteria have not only no bearing whatsoever on the value of a work of art, but they cannot even be rationally conceived any longer. They have degenerated into purely emotive slogans, symbolic means of gratification for the dishonest and the incompetent.

The state of the ALP offers another, even more striking example. Many Labor leaders are no longer capable of distinguishing clearly the values of democratic socialism from the fraudulent wares sold to them under false pretences by agents of an Oriental despotism. Indifference, cynicism and the poisonous effects of unilateral debunking by the pundits have done their work. Men who are conspiring to inflict unspeakable misery on the Australian worker and on everybody else—the Communists—are accepted as bona fide Trade Union leaders and are given extensive opportunities to corrupt working-class organizations by turning them into instruments of foreign

slave-owners. Our 'liberal' intellectuals meanwhile confess that they are incapable of choosing between the rival fanaticisms of those who wish to escape the concentration camps and those who are plotting to erect them. They find the rule of the indoctrinated gorilla indistinguishable from passionate opposition to it. They violate the personality of the Aborigine and the Negro by perverting their just fight for civic rights in a free society, into an alibi for people who are bracing themselves for the role of quislings. And the scuttling reflexes of those who have looked too closely at the map and made certain calculations, are presented as gestures of a liberal conscience. It should be remembered that the weaknesses which have rendered our progressive elites unfit to defend institutional integrity, of which social scientism is both a symptom and an expression, are symptomatic of a more general crisis in Western culture which is by no means restricted to the 'left', though it is exploited at the moment in a particularly dangerous manner by an enemy whose favourite field of operations happens to be the 'left'. The same weaknesses may be exploited by other, equally malign, enemies tomorrow.

F. Knöpfelmacher

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Britain, the Commonwealth and European Integration
(J. D. B. Miller).

What we Know and Don't Know about China (Michael
Lindsay).

Indo-China and SEATO (J. A. Modelski).

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PROFESSOR MACMAHON BALL AND OUR FOREIGN POLICY

Tom Truman

PROFESSOR W. Macmahon Ball not very long ago contributed a series of articles to the Sydney fortnightly journal *Nation* (Nos. 1-7, 1958) in which he vigorously attacked Australia's foreign policy, especially as it relates to America and Asia. Of course, there can be no objection to the attack as such; quite the contrary. Professor Ball in stimulating thought and discussion of our foreign policy is very properly performing part of his function as Professor of Political Science and also, he is doing no more than his duty to Australian democracy. Both of these obligations, to his credit, he takes very seriously.

However, this is too important a subject for mere polite academic chit-chat. I am going to subject his arguments and the sweeping changes of policy he advocates to as searching and critical an examination as I know how. I am taking this course because his opinions are both fallacious and very dangerous if any large group of Australians comes to believe in them. And well they might, for Professor Ball is a skilful publicist and broadcaster with a charming personality, and he has behind him not only the prestige of his professorship, but the distinction of having served as British Commonwealth Representative on the Allied Council for Japan as well as having undertaken other missions in East Asia for the Chifley Labor Government. He is, as well, the author of two widely-read books on East Asia. However, I am concerned not merely to answer Professor Ball. In a sense I am looking past him to a number of influential people who hold similar views. Many of these are important figures in the left wing of the Australian Labor Party—they are mostly trade union officials and powerful in the state executive of the party.

The Macmahon Ball position consists of two parts:

- (1) An attempt to show that the American alliance is useless to protect Australia from aggression and threats to our security;
- (2) A desire to have Australians regard themselves as part of the South East Asian geographical and political region and to have them accept non-SEATO Asian viewpoints, and as a consequence to adopt policies,

like those of India and Indonesia, which look upon the effort to halt the Communist advance as irrelevant to Asian problems especially the struggles to achieve national unity and the conquest of poverty.

Regarding the American alliance Professor Ball is very hard-headed, basing his argument on the solid grounds of national interest and power-politics. He tells Mr Casey that it is of no use being 'nice and polite' to the government of the USA, or of thinking that winning the goodwill of the American people will make America come to the aid of Australia if she is attacked. The USA, he insists, will when the time comes follow her own national interests and not Australia's wishes, for Australia's security is only a minor consideration in America's world-wide commitments. Not even the specific pledges by the USA to Australia and New Zealand in the ANZUS Pact or the solemn promises contained in the SEATO Treaty will avail us. 'Neither treaties or goodwill alter the realities of power politics. Australia's physical security is only likely to be endangered in a general war in which the United States is already involved. . . . In a general war the defence of Australia could hardly have more than a modest place in America's global strategy.'

Professor Ball asserts that Australia, echoing American policy has, in effect, said to the Asian governments: 'Forget about Western colonialism and racial discrimination. These things are of the past. You are free and equal sovereign nations now, and the only imperialism you have to fear is Communist imperialism. Therefore join hands with us against the common enemy.' But, he says, this line of talk gets a poor response in South East Asia. The contrast that matters most in these countries is not between Communism and democracy, but between Eastern poverty and Western wealth. Social revolutionary movements, even when led by Communists, should not be opposed by us, for to do so is to seem to the Asians to be thwarting their attempts to raise the standards of living of the masses.

Geography, in Professor Ball's view, is, in the end, the only realistic factor in forming foreign policy. Australia is remote from Britain and America and neither can protect our security however much they may desire to do so. Asia is near. In fact geographically we are part of Asia. Not being able to rely on Western aid, we are at the mercy of Asia. 'When will we Australians come to realize that by geography we belong to Asia, and that from now on Asia belongs not to Europeans but to Asians?' Professor Ball asks chidingly. 'Because of our geographical situation it is more important for Australia than for any

ther nation of European race to make every effort to see the world as our Asian neighbours see it, rather than as Europeans or Americans see it.'

In accordance with this Asian orientation of our foreign policy, Professor Ball thinks that we should cease trying to build up an image of ourselves in the eyes of the American public as a country worth defending, and, instead, try to please Asian opinion. 'In Asian thinking it is the Australian line on racial and colonial questions and on West New Guinea, not the size of the contribution we make to the Colombo Plan, that indicates our character and outlook.' To win Asian approval he says, we should withdraw from military pacts, such as SEATO; we should support the Indonesian claim to West New Guinea; we should help the Chinese Communists gain Quemoy and Matsu and we should agree to their having a seat in the Security Council of the United Nations. We should press for a referendum of the people of Formosa so that they can say whether they want to belong to Red China. Professor Ball would also like to see Japan break free of the American alliance and join India, Burma, Malaya and Indonesia in a policy of non-alignment in the Cold War.

It is here that Professor Ball fails to carry through his demand for hard-headed realism: as soon as he turns from the USA to Asian countries he cannot bring himself to apply the same relentless logic of national interests and power-politics. Why should he think that Asian governments more than the American government would be beguiled by Australia being 'nice and polite' to them so that they would put aside *their* national interests to help us when we are in trouble? (I take it that Professor Ball means by 'national interests' matters affecting the security, the political and cultural autonomy, the prosperity and power of a nation or state. Of course there may well be disagreement as to what a nation's 'true' or 'real' interests are. For instance, most Australians think that the matter of who controls West New Guinea is of vital interest to Australia. Professor Ball does not.) If it be true that all governments decide their policies solely on their view of what their national interests are, then, of course, there is no logical reason to suppose that Asian governments any more than the American government are going to change because Australia has been 'nice and polite'. As a matter of plain fact the USA is a much more likely source of practical help if our security is threatened than any of the neutralist bloc of Asian nations whose goodwill Professor Ball thinks is of more value to us than American friendship.

Professor Ball is, however, not rigorous in his adherence to the national-interest principle. Under challenge (from myself, *Nation*, 8 November, 1958) he now allows some value to goodwill. He now says: 'The value of another nation's liking and goodwill is limited unless it is based on a solid sense of common interest, or sharing the same political and social objectives.' (*Nation*, 22 November, 1958). However I don't really think that Professor Ball means to imply that we have at present or are likely to have in the immediate future a more solid sense of common interest with the Asian neutralist group of nations than we have with the USA, or that we come closer to sharing East Asian political and social objectives than we do those of Americans. I can't believe that he really means this. But he does attach enormous weight to geographical proximity, much more than I think is warranted. Admittedly, Asia is closer to us than America or any other Western country; but apart from that fact we are intrinsically Western in every way. We are British by origins, history, culture, and political institutions. And just as Britain in the Atlantic area is joined in NATO with America to protect their common interest in liberty and democracy, so we feel it logical in the South West Pacific area to be joined with the USA in SEATO and the ANZUS Pact to protect our common interest in free institutions.

Probably what Professor Ball means is not that we do *now* have a more solid sense of common interest with Asian neutralist nations than with the USA or that we more closely share their social and political objectives than we do those of the Americans: he means, rather, that we *ought* to. And why should we? The reason Professor Ball gives is that the USA, or any Western nation for that matter, is unlikely to be able to help us, whatever they might like to do, if we are threatened with aggression. So we are left alone with the Asian nations. Whether they are friendly or hostile depends on whether we learn to see things their way and so find common interests on which to build goodwill. Professor Ball's words are: 'Australia's physical security is only likely to be endangered in a general war in which the United States is already involved. . . . In a general war the defence of Australia could hardly have more than a modest place in America's global strategy.' If this is so, the American alliance is just an encumbrance, provoking attack but useless to defend us. Neutralism is the only sensible course.

This statement, the basic proposition in Professor Ball's argument, is quite erroneous. A general war would almost certainly be an all-out or total war waged with inter-continental

ballistic missiles, with atomic, and hydrogen bombs, and perhaps with deadly germs and gases. It seems unlikely that a general war could be waged with conventional weapons and large armies, because the Western powers (and here I think they deserve the sternest censure) have not attempted to compete with the Soviet Union and Communist China in the size of their armies but have based practically their whole strategy on the deterrent effect of the atomic and hydrogen weapons. They have to use them, because they have not got anything else much to use against the enemy.

In such a war Australia would be relatively safe from direct attack. Our danger, which we would share with the rest of the world, would be from heavy atomic fall-out and other radioactive particles resulting in the pollution of our air and water. The chief targets would be America itself, Western Europe, Russia and China.

No, our foreign policy and our alliances are not framed to protect us against attack in a general war. In any case, Russia and China do not want a general war any more than do the Western powers. They seek to win world domination by getting the Communist Parties all round the world to capture popular movements for national independence and social revolution. Every Communist government is in a colonial relationship with either Russia or China and adds to the power of the great Communist empire. The Communists have had considerable success in Asia. China itself and a large part of Indo-China have fallen into their hands. They are strong in places close to Australia such as Singapore and Indonesia. As the power of China grows the Chinese leaders will be able to use all sorts of pressures to help the local Communist Parties to achieve their aims. This view, it may be objected, is too rigid an interpretation of recent events. It does not allow for a change in the situation. It will be said that the Communist rulers of China have embarked on a course of rapid industrialization and social changes that will absorb all their energies for several decades. It must be admitted that this is possible, though the Chinese war of subjugation against the harmless Tibetans does not point that way. An even more serious consideration is the probability that the Chinese population growth will outstrip all the ambitious plans for increasing production. It is more likely that the Chinese leaders will seek an outlet for this surplus population in the rich half-empty lands to the south rather than the poorer land to the north-west in Soviet territory. After all the facts of power apply no less to Asia than they do to Europe, and South East

Asia is almost a power vacuum. Were it not for the danger of a collision with American forces in the area, the Chinese Government could be tempted. In any case even if our fears of Chinese expansion are groundless, and even if, with Chinese energies absorbed internally, Communist revolutions are less likely to succeed, there still remains the basic maxim of foreign policy: hope for the best but prepare for the worst.

These are the kinds of threat to our security that the makers of our foreign policy have very sensibly considered. Of course, there are other possible aggressors. Nationalism is not always a beneficent force. It may be used constructively to establish internal unity and stable government and to inspire rapid development, but it can also be used by politicians to excite hostility to a neighbouring state as a useful diversion from their failure to solve internal problems. Nothing so rallies people to support of their government as the insults and the iniquities of the foreigner. We offer several useful hooks on which to hang such a quarrel: West New Guinea, and the White Australia Policy, are especially good ones. And then there is the old enemy, Japan, at present dominated by peaceful and pro-Western forces, but with problems of over-population and unemployment so great that a deal with Red China for a division of South East Asia cannot be ruled out.

Against all these possible dangers the USA is our best hope of speedy and substantial help. To combat a threat to Asia from Communist forces whether Russian, Chinese or local, the USA has a great arc of bases stretching south from Japan, through Okinawa to the Philippines. This fact is the answer to Professor Ball's geographical proximity argument. It is not much farther from Australia to the Philippines than it is to Indonesia. It is true that were the threat to our security to come from aggressive nationalism the American responses might be somewhat more hesitant than if it were to come from Communism. All the more reason for the Casey policy of winning American goodwill. It is sound sense to buttress a weaker common interest with whatever popularity we can win in the USA. And we are not without bargaining power. Should more of East Asia fall to the Communist forces—say, for example, Singapore or even Indonesia—Australia's strategic position, her reliability, her industrial potential and agricultural wealth make her an invaluable ally and the logical place for the extension of the US arc of bases.

These US forces are not likely to be withdrawn short of the collapse of Communist power or its complete victory. It therefore

seems to me to be fantastic folly to terminate or weaken an alliance on which we depend so much and which is so mutually advantageous to both countries.

It is clear, then, that Professor Ball's conclusions are not logically derived from a dispassionate consideration of Australia's interests as far as these can be determined from the objective features of the Australian community and the wishes of the majority of groups in that community. Nor does he appear to have considered the power factors involved in East Asia. Power politics, it seems, operates only in relation to the rivalry of USA and the Soviet Union. It is obtruded into East Asia and is not 'natural' to it. It does not seem to have struck him that on the East Asian scene China is a giant in military power. India and Indonesia, even if they were 'awake to their danger, would in combination be very light counterweights. It is, indeed, American power which counters Chinese power and provides an umbrella under which India and Indonesia can pursue their neutralism. Like Professor Ball, the neutralist bloc are inclined to blame the umbrella for attracting the storm.

In fact, Professor Ball is not a 'hard-headed' thinker at all. He is a soft-hearted and sentimental thinker who has been so moved by the sickening poverty of the masses of Asia and the brave attempts of their governments to extricate them from it that he has let his heart rule his head. He so sympathizes with the leaders of the neutralist bloc of South East Asian nations that he has ended in accepting their views holus-bolus whether they be based on rational or irrational considerations. He has ended up thinking as an Asian rather than an Australian. Professor Ball is certainly right in advising us to try to understand the problems of the East Asian countries and to sympathize with their peoples in their struggle to raise themselves to a decent standard of living and their nations to positions of respect in the world. His counsel that we should try to see the East Asian and world situation as East Asians see it is wise. But he is completely wrong in advising Australians to accept their opinions as being invariably right and especially as being right for Australia.

If the politicians of the neutralist group of South East Asian countries believe that the Cold War is irrelevant for them, as Professor Ball says they do, then they are plainly wrong. If it were not for the belief of the Western powers, including Australia, that without help the governments of the neutralist states must fail in their tasks of achieving stable government and improved living standards and go down in defeat to the

Communists, if it were not for the fear of more successes for the Communists, those Asian countries would not be getting anything like the volume of aid they are now getting from the USA and the Commonwealth. Compassion and charity and the humane tradition of the West would produce some contribution to their need, but is anyone really in doubt that it is the threat to our security that produces the really big sums of money? How else could the taxes be justified to the American Congress and taxpayer? Now that Russia has entered into competition with the West for reasons connected with her security and power we can expect even greater sums to be forthcoming. I find it hard to believe that these Asian politicians are not alive to the possibilities of this form of blackmail though it may not be the reason for their neutrality. Good luck to them—it is their best chance of getting aid on the scale that they sorely need.

Apart from that most important consideration, there are real differences between Western imperialism and Communist imperialism. Perhaps the most important one is that Western imperialism is on its last legs and Communist imperialism is not only very much alive but is growing. It is foolish to waste one's energy on the foe of the past when an even more powerful and dangerous foe is here in the present. Of course the British, French and Dutch imperialists were arrogant and insufferable in their bland assumption of racial superiority. No wonder Asians resented their insults and their humiliating paternalism. But one asks, would the passive-resistance methods of Gandhi have succeeded against the Russian or Chinese Communist governments? Were there any public protests in Moscow at the brutal suppression of the Hungarian national uprising? It does not argue for a very realistic appraisal of the security needs of their countries if Asian politicians cannot forgo the paying off of old scores when a new and more terrible imperialism is imminent.

It may well be as Professor Ball says that the Western ideas of individual liberty and democratic government can make little appeal to the Asian masses whose primary needs of food, clothing, housing and jobs cry out for fulfilment. But this does not mean that the Communist form of dictatorship is the only alternative. There are other and more humane types of authoritarian rule that could be instituted to provide a period of tutelage until the people acquire the necessary education and sophistication to be able to participate in governing their countries. Perhaps Soekarno's 'Guided Democracy' concept is a method of achieving this.

The trade union officials in the left wing of the Labor Party share many of the prejudices of Asian politicians and are guilty of the same sort of emotional thinking. They have made a religion of the traditional socialist doctrines of the Australian Labor Party. Because their attitude is religious they have failed to learn the lessons that their European colleagues have had forced upon them, that Communism and democratic socialism are quite incompatible. They persist in the belief, despite all the evidence to the contrary, that the Communists are democrats. In the industrial field they regard the Communists as their natural allies against the employers and the capitalist system. In the international relations area they feel drawn towards Russia and China, especially the latter, because of their 'socialist' systems. They approve of Nehru and other leaders of the neutralist bloc because they are socialists and because they refuse to be drawn into 'the camp of the American imperialists'. Correspondingly they are antagonistic to America and its foreign policy, basically because America is a capitalist country. According to their creed, which is Marxist in origin, capitalism is the sole cause of imperialism and wars in the modern period. 'Socialist' countries like Russia and China are, by definition, incapable of imperialism or even aggression, and only resort to war in self-defence.

Neither these old-fashioned socialists nor the sentimental Professor Ball are capable of the sort of critical thinking needed for a realistic foreign policy for Australia.

Tom Truman

It seems to me, men of Athens, that you have become absolutely apathetic, waiting there dumbly for the catastrophe that is about to fall upon you. There you sit, observing the disasters that overwhelm your neighbours and taking no measures for your own defence! Nor do you seem conscious even of the elaborate methods by which your country is slowly being undermined.

Demosthenes, *DE FALSA LEGATIONE*

THERE'S NO FREEDOM "FOR FREE"!

Freedom, like everything that's desirable, has its price.

To enjoy the "four freedoms"—freedom of speech and of worship, and freedom from fear and want—a people must pay the price of unremitting vigilance and preparedness for defence.

In particular, freedom to thrive in trade and business brings weighty responsibilities, and the obligations of integrity and fair-dealing.

How much success a business concern will enjoy, and how long it will endure, thus directly depends on the degree to which it dedicates itself to ideals of good-citizenship, and also on the range and quality of its services.

That's why the Atlantic Union Oil organisation is today in the forefront of the oil industry in Australia. It has for over a quarter of a century proved its capacity for unsurpassed service to Australia's progress, in transport, industry and agriculture—backed by integrity and fair-dealing—with the finest petroleum products that technological skills can produce.



Atlantic Union Oil Company Pty. Limited

FRIDAY IN EXILE

[For John Pringle]

A.D.Hope

SAVED at long last through Him whose power to save
Kept from the walking, as the watery grave,
Crusoe returned to England and his kind,
Proof that an unimaginative mind
And sober industry and commonsense
May supplement the work of Providence.
He, no less providential, and no less
Inscrutably resolved to save and bless,
Eager to share his fortune with the weak
And faithful servants whom he taught to speak,
By all his years of exile undeterred,
Took into exile Friday and the bird.

The bird no doubt was well enough content.
She had her corn—what matter where she went?
Except when once a week he walked to church,
She had her master's shoulder as a perch,
She shared the notice of the crowds he drew
Who praised her language and her plumage too,
And like a rational female could be gay
On admiration and three meals a day.
But Friday the dark Caribbean man,
Picture his situation if you can:
The gentle savage, taught to speak and pray,
On England's Desert Island cast away,
No godlike Crusoe issuing from his cave
Comes with his thunderstick to slay and save;
Instead from caves of stone, as thick as trees,
More dreadful than ten thousand savages,
In their strange clothes and monstrous mats of hair,
The pale-eyed English swarm to joke and stare,
With endless questions round him crowd and press
Curious to see and touch his loneliness.
Unlike his master Crusoe long before
Crawling half-drowned upon the desolate shore,
Mere ingenuity useless in his need,
No wreck supplies him biscuit, nails and seed,
No fort to build, no call to bake, to brew,

Make pots and pipkins, cobble coat and shoe,
Gather his rice and milk his goats, and rise
Daily to some absorbing enterprise.

And yet no less than Crusoe he must find
Some shelter for the solitary mind;
Some daily occupation too contrive
To warm his wits and keep the heart alive,
Protect among the cultured, if he can,
The 'noble savage' and the 'natural man'.
As Crusoe made his clothes, so he no less
Must labour to invent his nakedness,
And, lest their alien customs without trace,
Absorb him, tell the legends of his race
Each night aloud in the soft native tongue,
That filled his world when bare and brown and young,
His brown, bare mother held him at her breast,
Then say his English prayers and sink to rest.
And each day waking in his English sheets,
Hearing the waggons in the cobbled streets,
The morning bells, the clatter and cries of trade,
He must recall, within their palisade,
The sleeping cabins in the tropic dawn,
The rapt, leaf-breathing silence, and the yawn
Of naked children as they wake and drowse,
The women chattering round their fires, the prows
Of wet canoes nosing the still lagoon;
At each meal, handling alien fork or spoon,
Remember the spiced mess of yam and fish
And the brown fingers meeting in the dish;
Remember too those island feasts, the sweet
Blood frenzy and the taste of human meat.

Thus he piled memories against his need:
In vain! For still he found the past recede.
Try as he would, recall, relive, rehearse,
The cloudy images would still disperse,
Till, as in dreams, the island world he knew
Confounded the fantastic with the true,
While England, less unreal day by day,
The Cannibal Island, ate his past away.
But for the brooding eye, the swarthy skin,
That witnessed to the Natural Man within,
Year following year, by inches, as they ran,
Transformed the savage to an Englishman.
Brushed, barbered, hatted, trousered and baptized,

He looked, if not completely civilized,
What came increasingly to be the case:
An upper servant, conscious of his place,
Friendly but not familiar in address
And prompt to please, without obsequiousness,
Adept to dress, to shave, to carve, to pour
And skilled to open or refuse the door,
To keep on terms with housekeeper and cook,
But quell the maids and footmen with a look.

And now his master, thoughtful for his need,
Bought him a wife and gave him leave to breed.
A fine mulatto, once a lady's maid,
She thought herself superior to Trade,
And, reared on a Plantation, much too good
For a low native Indian from the wood;
Yet they contrived at last to rub along
For he was strong and kind, and she was young,
And soon a father, then a family man,
Friday took root in England and began
To be well thought of in the little town,
And quoted in discussions at 'The Crown',
Whether the Funds would fall, the French would treat
Or the new ministry could hold its seat.
For though he seldom spoke, the rumour ran
The master had no secrets from his man,
And Crusoe's ventures prospered so, in short,
It was concluded he had friends at Court.

Yet as the years of exile came and went,
Though first he grew resigned and then content,
Had you observed him close, you might surprise
A stranger looking through the servant's eyes.
Some colouring of speech, some glint of pride,
Not born of hope, for hope long since had died,
Not even desire, scarce memory at last,
Preserved that stubborn vestige of the past.

It happened once that man and master made
A trip together on affairs of trade;
A ship reported foundered in the Downs
Brought them to visit several seaport towns.
At one of these, Great Yarmouth or King's Lynn,
Their business done, they baited at an inn,
And in the night were haunted by the roar
Of a wild wind and tide against the shore.
Crusoe soon slept again, but Friday lay

Awake and listening till the dawn of day.
For the first time in all his exiled years
The thunder of the ocean filled his ears;
And that tremendous voice so long unheard
Released and filled and drew him, till he stirred
And left the house and passed the town, to reach
At last the dunes and rocks and open beach:
Pale, bare and gleaming in the break of day
A sweep of new-washed sand around the bay,
And spindrift driving up the bluffs like smoke,
As the long combers reared their crests and broke.
There in the sand beside him Friday saw
A single naked footprint on the shore.

His heart stood still, for as he stared, he knew
The foot that made it never had worn shoe,
And at a glance, that no such walker could
Have been a man of European blood.
From such a footprint once he could describe
If not the owner's name, at least his tribe
And tell his purpose as men read a face
And still his skill sufficed to know the race;
For this was such a print as long ago
He too had made and taught his eyes to know.
There could be no mistake. Awhile he stood
Staring at that grey German Ocean's flood;
And suddenly he saw those shores again
Where Orinoco pours into the main,
And stunned with an incredible surmise,
Heard in his native tongue once more the cries
Of spirits silent now for many day;
And all his years of exile fell away.

The sun was nearly to the height before
Crusoe arrived hallooing at the shore,
Followed the footprints to the beach and found
The clothes and shoes and thought his servant drowned.
Much grieved he sought him up and down the bay
But never guessed, when later in the day
They found the body drifting in the foam,
That Friday had been rescued and gone home.

A.D. Hope

FROM MY AUSTRALIAN DIARY

Tibor Meray

IN PARIS a couple of hours before I left I had been told quite casually at the office of Pan-American Airways that I would need a certificate of inoculation against smallpox of recent date, if I wanted to enter America or Australia.

I hurried to a doctor immediately, and, rolling up my shirt-sleeve, I had my inoculation. Running back to the booking office I produced my certificate and asked whether it was all right. 'Entirely in order,' said the girl with a charming smile. 'It doesn't matter that it was administered by a private doctor and doesn't carry an official stamp?' I asked, trying to avoid any further complications. She assured me that it wouldn't matter at all, gave me a radiant smile and fastened my certificate with a clip into a yellow certificate-case.

In New York there was no trouble at all; I could enter America. But in San Francisco, about an hour or so before leaving, I was told by an officer of PAA that my certificate wasn't worth a cent: 'It doesn't have an official stamp.' 'But your colleague in Paris. . . .' I stuttered. 'That doesn't make any difference,' he assured me with a charming smile. 'You couldn't possibly enter Australia with this certificate.' 'But it's right here on my arm!' I said. 'I am very sorry'—he cut the discussion short—'but I shall have to cable Sydney about that in advance.'

I had a feeling that some great injustice was in preparation. I could say with some exaggeration that I felt like a condemned man, who had the noose tied around his neck for the second time after it broke under his weight at the first try. Never mind, I thought to myself, after all we are all human. I shall explain everything to the Australian doctor, and it will be straightened out in a moment.

The aeroplane landed in Sydney in the early morning hours. The weather was rather cool and windy. Everyone seemed to be in a bad mood: the passengers, the passport inspectors and the customs officials. Then a sour-faced doctor arrived with his coat draped over his shoulders. He called the passengers into his office individually.

My name was not called and I liked it less and less. There were only two of us left, a tall thin young man and myself. We were asked into the office together. 'Remove your coat, and roll up

your shirtsleeves,' the doctor said, opening his case where the needles are waiting. It was absolutely clear that he didn't want to listen to any explanations. We both obeyed immediately, as mice charmed by a snake. I do not know what my fellow sufferer was thinking, but my blood was boiling. I had been condemned without a hearing. I didn't say a word, since I realized that it would be in vain.

I offered my arm—the doctor scratched it and smeared the watery substance on it. 'What a hard country, what unfriendly people,' I thought to myself, wiping the stuff off my arm with my shirtsleeves with a clear conscience.

Further Impressions

I have visited a number of countries in the world, but nowhere found more friendly, kind people, people ready to give a helping hand. This is not a polite phrase, but a sober statement of fact. Here are but two instances.

In Melbourne I came across a book which I had looked for in vain in Paris, an English translation of *Batrachonuomachia* a pseudo-Homeric poem. I didn't have the time to copy it, and handed it back to the University Library with a heavy heart. A couple of days later I received a tiny roll of film in Sydney—it was the full text of the work.

There are two airports at Newcastle. My Hungarian hosts, themselves recent arrivals not quite accustomed to their new surroundings, took me to the wrong one. We looked at our wrist watches, but in vain. There wasn't a car fast enough to carry us over to the other airport in time. The official in charge of the 'wrong' airport only smiled. He phoned his colleagues at the correct airport that I was on my way. They put at my disposal a small two-seater aircraft, and a stout pilot with a ruddy complexion conveyed me to the other airport right at the runway of the Viscount leaving for Sydney.

Previous Knowledge

The only excuse I can offer for the innumerable mistakes I made during my visit is that I knew nothing about Australia previously. The three 'attractions' associated in the European mind with Australia didn't help me much. I had seen kangaroos at the zoo, boomerangs in the tobacconist's show-window, and as regards wool—well, it grows on sheep in Australia just as at home.

The only thing I did know that really belonged to the Australian people themselves was a song, 'Waltzing Matilda'.

I knew that song really thoroughly: every word of it from beginning to end, by heart. The circumstances under which I learned it are somewhat out of the ordinary. In 1951-52 I worked as a war correspondent in Korea, mostly at Panmunjong, where the Armistice negotiations took place. Wilfred Burchett, the Australian journalist, was there with us, 'on the northern side'. Even though we've parted ways since, I always think back on him with affection.

Well, it was the custom of the war correspondents to spend the long and tedious evenings sitting together drinking rice wine. The North Koreans or the Chinese usually persuaded us to sing some of our national songs. Pracki sang Polish, I Hungarian, Winnington English and Burchett Australian songs—or rather he sang one, always the same, 'Waltzing Matilda'.

Since the negotiations lasted quite some time, it is not proof of special ability on my part that I learnt the song word-perfect. Nevertheless, there was another event which helped to fix the words as well as the melody in memory, an event which gave Burchett and myself quite a bit of amusement.

Some months before our arrival, at the beginning of the war, a Soviet journalist—by the name of Borzenko—visited Korea. He was the correspondent of *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, the newspaper of Communist Youth. In one of his articles he described the disgracefully low morale of the UNO troops fighting the North Koreans. As an example he mentioned the Australian soldiers. According to Borzenko they were engaged in continuous orgies, and in their drunken stupor kept singing, at the top of their voices, the same song over and over again. It was an obscene song about some slut called Matilda—you could hear it even across the front lines.

Friends

Among all the new friends and acquaintances I made, I felt myself most at home with those who, in spite of the ten thousand miles of distance between us, had traversed substantially the same road as I did: the ex-Communists. I met quite a few. Some had left the Party in 1956 after the Hungarian Revolution. Others had been expelled only a few weeks previously. I even met some whose names still stood on the official membership lists, but who had in fact already left the dogma as well as the practice far behind them. The long nights we spent in discussion seemed short to me. Our discussions were filled with the desire for information, with tensions—we did not spare each other or ourselves. They were open, hard and honest. I don't know what they thought about me, but I certainly took them to my heart.

In Melbourne after one of my lectures, I was asked whether I saw any difference between Fascism and Communism. I answered that there are a number of differences but that I would point out only one. Many more honest people, people of good will, joined the Communists at one time or another than the Fascists. Paradoxically, the Fascist leaders were in many respects more honest than the Communists. Hitler never claimed to fight for the liberation of the oppressed peoples—on the contrary, he openly proclaimed that the German *Herrenvolk* was destined to rule over the world. The Nazis never claimed to stand for equality, for equal rights for all human beings—on the contrary, they openly proclaimed that there are superior and inferior races, including Jews, who were to be exterminated to the last individual. Therefore anyone joining the Fascists must have known very well that he made himself an instrument of 'Aryan' world-conquest, racial discrimination, hatred and wholesale extermination of human beings. Not so the majority of Communists. Listening to the speeches of their leaders, they could believe that they had joined the camp of those who fought for the highest ideals of mankind; liberty, equality, national independence, a society without exploitation, internationalism. They could keep on believing this for a shorter or longer period until they learned what goes on in the Soviet Union and the 'people's democracies' behind the facade of noble ideals. Of course, today, after the Twentieth Congress, the open admission of the crimes of Stalin, the bloody suppression of the Hungarian Revolution, the execution of Imre Nagy and his followers, it would be difficult to find a sane person who could still believe all this. This however does not change the initial, subjective honesty of those who joined the Party.

This especially applies to Western Communists. After all the number of people—for instance, in Australia—who joined the Communist Party in the hope of a fast career, special promotion or a cushy job, must be negligible. Instead of advantages, they accepted hardships; instead of pleasures, sacrifices, unpleasant and not pleasant distinctions. They did it mostly out of idealism, out of faith in social justice, in the hope of a better future. This cannot of course be said of thousands of Eastern European 'comrades' who joined for opportunist reasons.

In my opinion everything depends now on whether they are ready to draw all the consequences of their disillusionment. I realize that a number of people are inclined to say that it is too late in the day, that they should have woken up sooner. For myself, I can only look up in admiration to those who have

never made a mistake, who knew everything always in advance. I admire them but I don't envy them. They must have had a rather monotonous life. I myself certainly did not have that foresight, and that is probably the reason that I feel myself to be nearest to miserable sinners in my own category.

During all our discussions, which lasted sometimes until dawn, the same painful question kept recurring. Even though we broke with the Party doesn't it help the 'other side' if we take an open stand and proclaim our opinions freely?

Only One Truth

I knew this problem rather well. It tortured us for long months and years in Hungary. It was this argument which was used against us by the Party leadership, when our eyes were already opened. The Hungarian workers lived poorly and under steady pressure and we started to say so. 'Don't speak about things like that,' cried Rakosi, the First Secretary of the Party, 'you only disillusion the Italian and French workers who believe that Hungary is a workers' paradise. You furnish arguments to the French and Italian big capitalists.'

It was admitted that Laszlo Rajk and hundreds of Communists had been imprisoned or sent to the gallows innocently. We asked for punishment for those who were responsible for these crimes. 'Let us not open up old wounds,' said the members of the Politburo. 'That would only help the class-enemy!'

The Soviet-Hungarian commercial treaties were heavily to the disadvantage of the Hungarians; Soviet advisers ran practically everything; all things had to be copied from the Russians. The educational system, the Constitution of the country, even the cut of the Army uniforms. The country had less independence than an African colony. 'Not a word about that,' the Party admonished us. 'It would only help the propaganda effort of American imperialism!'

In one word: the people who helped the 'other side' were not those who ruined the country, who executed their own comrades, who took away or sold its independence—it was we who dared to mention these crimes.

We had enough of this sophistry. We had joined the Communist Party in order to serve truth. *We broke with it for the same reason.* There is only one truth, and it has to be proclaimed regardless of consequences. It is our duty to do so toward ourselves, and, even if it is a big word—towards humanity. And let us be honest: it is not only a duty, but the minimum of restitution as well.

My Best Amusement

During my six weeks in the country I went to the theatre, cinema, several cocktail parties, dances, the Zoo; I went hiking, surfing, on the Showboat, to the Shark Pool. But my best amusement was when at one of my lectures a man turned up, sent by the Communist Party in order to 'finish me off' with his questions.

Every lecturer has the same trick. He takes on his tour to the country which invited him one, two or three lectures, and reads them ten, twenty or thirty times. He can do so, since the audience is always changing. However, he soon discovers that he who in his laziness wanted to trick an entire continent, has become himself the victim of an international or rather an interstate conspiracy. For with a healthy instinct, the audience defends itself by asking identical, or almost identical, questions after all the lectures. Nothing—not even the whip—could punish the lecturer in a harder or more nerve-racking way.

Quite honestly, the blood started to run faster in my veins; I was full of anticipation, as the man from the Party started his attack. I felt like an old war-horse hearing the bugle call after pulling the cart for years. After routine drudgery, variety at last!

We didn't keep a stenographic record of our discussion, and I can quote only from memory a few typical passages.

'How is it possible,' he began, 'that you who spent long years in the Communist Party, who took part in the Hungarian Revolution, which did not fight against Communism, but for a better kind of Communism—that you accepted the invitation of a right-wing, reactionary organization like the Australian Association for Cultural Freedom?'

First I had to make it clear that the Hungarian Revolution did *not* fight for a better Communism but *against* Communism. For me who spent long years in the Party this was a hard and painful admission—but it was the truth. As regards my sponsors: I do not know the details of their activities in Australia, but the leaders I met gave me the impression of open, enlightened, progressive people. But the most important thing is that they did not make any conditions, did not ask for advance copies of my lectures, and as everyone could see I was free to meet anyone, free to answer any questions. Had they imposed any conditions, I could not have accepted the invitation. If however the Communist Party were to invite me in the same way, that is freely and without conditions, I should be prepared to accept.

'Of course they did not make any conditions,' said my interlocutor. 'After all you are as anti-Soviet as they are.'

'That is an error,' I answered, 'I am not anti-Soviet but pro-Hungarian.'

'Do you realize,' and here he was lifting his voice, 'that the inviting organization is supported by the Ford and the Rockefeller Foundations?'

'That money,' I said, 'as long as it does not oblige me to give up my convictions, isn't any worse than that which supports certain guests visiting Moscow, Prague, Peking or Budapest. Let there be no illusion at this point. That money is being provided out of the sweat—and sometimes blood—of Russian, Ukrainian, Lithuanian, Czech, Chinese and Hungarian workers and peasants.'

At this point he took from his pocket a conservative Jewish newspaper, published in London and somewhat similar to *The Times*. He read out an interview with an alleged eye-witness of the Hungarian Revolution who claimed that four hundred Jews were butchered by the Fascists during the 'counter-revolution'. He asked me to comment on this.

I pointed out that in the official announcement at Budapest, of the execution of Imre Nagy, the Communists claimed that 'in the short period of rule by Imre Nagy and his followers, during only a few days, 234 unarmed innocent citizens had been killed'. It is rather strange if out of these 234 it turns out that four hundred were Jews. I had to add that I condemn and condemn all lynchings, and during the Revolution—when the danger of that sort of thing was not entirely absent—I wrote a strongly-worded protest on this subject for Radio Budapest. Unfortunately the Stalinists employed at the broadcasting station were too much afraid to read it over the microphone. They are the same people who are today in leading positions in Hungary and accuse Imre Nagy and his followers with giving support to lynchings.

We kept on like this for a while; then other people started to ask questions, people who weren't 'informed in advance' about everything, but asked questions to gain information and not to give me a lecture. My attacker, however, could not quite rest, and, possibly lacking better arguments came back to his original question: Ford and Rockefeller. This became somewhat monotonous since practically all the audience knew that my lecturer had accepted a subsidy from the bourgeois-capitalist-imperialist-plutocratic Australian Government to the tune of several hundred pounds for the publication of his book—only a little more than my travel fees.

But that's how it is. If Churchill does not compromise with

the German Nazis, it is a transparent political trick. The Molotov-Ribbentrop pact, on the other hand, is a proof of the genius of the Party. If Bevan hands to the Soviet leaders a list of the imprisoned Social Democrats, that is a social-fascist provocation. If the same Social Democrats are set free shortly afterwards that is the generosity of the Party. If Krupp visits London, that is a sinister conspiracy against peace. If he goes to Moscow, it is a great gesture of peaceful co-existence. If a modest lecturer accepts the invitation of an organization supported by—among others—the Ford Foundation he is a conspirator against peace. If Mikoyan visits Ford in Detroit, that is a glorious symbol of co-operation of Socialism and Capitalism.

All this reminded me of a friend of mine, a man of great experience, with grey hair, near sixty. A member of the Hungarian Communist Party since 1918, he spent years in prison during the Horthy regime, he fought in Spain against Franco, in France as a partisan against the Fascists, and later returned to Hungary. He was arrested in 1949 during the Rajk case and spent six years in prison innocently. However, when he was let out of prison they didn't want to re-admit him into the Party, because he refused to sign a document stating that he was treated in the most humane manner in prison from the beginning.

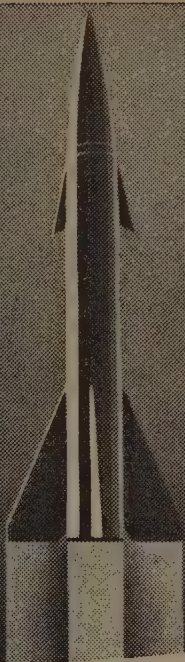
This friend of mine told me once: 'You know, son, in this world you can learn everything from hydrodynamics to the secrets of the feminine soul, you can learn how to play the piano and how they conjure up ghosts. There is only one thing you can never fathom, and that is Bolshevism.'

Departure

Before my departure I was told at Qantas that I would not be able to leave the airport at Bombay en route to Beirut. The BOAC official told me that the cholera inoculation I got in Sydney was not acceptable since it was not yet six days old. This is obligatory with cholera inoculations. I was given a slip of paper with the text: 'BOAC respectfully draws attention to the fact that your travel documents or health certificates do not comply with Government Regulations. In view of your decision to travel despite this irregularity, the corporation assumes that you will be prepared to accept any delay, inconvenience or expense which may arise in consequence.'

I stood there with head bowed. The cedars of Lebanon appeared in my imagination, looking like gigantic injection needles pointed mercilessly at me. . . .

Tibor Meray



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HOW RELEVANT IS SOCIALISM?

Lloyd Ross

IN AUSTRALIAN history, socialism has been a co-ordinator, an inspiration, a red herring and a swear word.

In the Australian eighties and nineties socialism competed with republicanism, land nationalization and Henry Georgeism, to furnish the 'idea-word' that would not only guide the rebels, but would express the highest common factor of 'Labor' aims. The dissenters from established society were as prone to inconsistencies, as they were to becoming hag-ridden by factionalism and sectarianism. Almost in the same breath, rebels could express views that were influenced by a wide variety of writers, and then attack those who disagreed with their personal synthesis.

Take the influence of Henry George on Australian radicalism. As critic of land monopoly, he found a ready response for his ideas in all countries where the land question had become important. Since opposition to land monopolists had a popular appeal in the eighties and nineties, the theories of Henry George were a stimulus to the development of socialist views, which he repudiated, and of Labor Parties which he inspired, assisted, and yet condemned. The immediate aim of 'single tax' became incorporated in the platforms of the Australian Labor Parties. To contemporaries there seemed little inconsistency in the declaration of a Labor pioneer, William Holman, that he was both a single-taxer and a socialist.

In Melbourne, Henry George held massive debates with Labor leader William Tremwith, who criticized George's ideas, and acknowledged his importance. In the pages of *The Bulletin*, *The Worker*, and *The Tocsin*, he was honoured and attacked.

The rebel writers who influenced the formation of an 'independent' Labor Party, and the acceptance of 'collectivism' as the ideology of that Party, were assimilated into the Australian Labor community, in the same way as Henry George—namely, Edward Bellamy, and Laurence Gronlund; then William Morris, William Liebknecht, Jean Jaurès, Keir Hardie and Ramsay MacDonald; later Lenin, Trotsky, G.D.H.Cole and R.H. Tawney.

In the formation and development of Labor Parties, the activities of socialists were more important than attachment to a united and consistent creed. Socialist influence was emotional

and personal; often accidental, yet extensive; indirect, but decisive in the development of Labor ideology.

The changes from collectivism to nationalization to socialization as the 'Objective' of the Australian Labor Party were the result of extensive Party discussions. They were the climax and the symbol both of dissatisfaction with the behaviour of Labor politicians, and of changing Labor attitudes to the fundamentals of socialist thinking, such as the administration of State enterprises, the limitations of reformism, problems of international affairs, the rights of workers in strikes, the attitude of the capitalist State, the continuation of social ills.

Whatever doubts may be raised later as to the validity of socialist theory as a guide to contemporary action, there can be no doubting the big influence of socialist analysis in the early days of welfareism.

The socialization objective of 1921 was the result of a determined attempt by convinced socialists, like R.S. Ross, and sensitive Laborites like J. Scullin, to develop an Australian and democratic alternative to the Marxian and Communist attack on the Left, and to the pragmatic and reformist views of the Right.

'Socialization', as expressed in the 1921 terms of immediate, detailed, and direct methods, was never implemented. This failure to carry out an Objective was the first real challenge to socialists. Was the failure due to betrayal by individuals, or to weaknesses in the concept of socialism?

Although Labor avoided an answer by restating the 'Methods' of its Objective in vague terms—and so acknowledging its retreat from 1921—the questions continued to be important. And another question gained a significance which mattered little in the pioneering days, but was basic in the periods of political (and democratic) success:

What was—is—'socialism'?

A Dictionary of Socialism by Angelo S. Rapport (Allen & Unwin, 1924) and *Mouvements, Ouvrier et Socialiste* by Edouard Dolleans and Michael Crozier (Paris 1950) run into 271 and 380 pages respectively.

The variety of definitions constitutes the next challenge to 'socialists'. How can 'socialism' provide a guide to the social and political activity of any period, if there is no acknowledged definition? If there is no general agreement, are there sufficient and significant aspects on which all, or a majority, agree? If there is not such limited agreement, what conclusions are to be drawn by socialists?

Professor G.D.H.Cole attempted to face part of this set of problems in his *History of Socialist Thought*. Looking ahead from Volume 1—'The Forerunners 1789-1850', to the later volumes that would portray more and more 'socialists', he asked himself what these people had in common. It was not nationalization—though Cole, as a practising socialist, regarded public ownership of industries as being essential. He reflected:

The impossibility of defining Socialism has often been emphasized, and sometimes regarded as a reproach. But neither in Politics nor in Morals is any important idea or system ever capable of being exactly defined. Who can satisfactorily define democracy, or liberty, or virtue, or happiness, or the State, or, for that matter, individualism any more than Socialism?

Cole therefore sought for a central core of meaning:

The most that can be attempted in such cases as these, with any prospect of success, is the discovery of some central core of meaning, present with varying additions in all or most of the manifold uses of the words in question, but in all probability never found alone, without any addition.

What then remained—after 301 pages of socialist analysis? The question is as important to the practitioner as to the historian. It is Cole as historian who gives the first answer:

All the words still slide from meaning to meaning; and it is futile to attempt to pin them down.

Yet the words do mean something, and did a century ago. All the theories that have been considered in this volume have something in common: they all take their starting point from the recognition of the key importance of the 'social problem' and from the belief that men ought to take some sort of collective or associative action to deal with it. They are all sharply hostile to laissez-faire—to the conception of a natural law which, in the absence of collective human interference with its operation, will somehow work out for good, however that good may be defined. They all rest on a belief in the virtues of collaboration, as against competition, or of planning, as against what their opponents call 'free enterprise'. They all require of men a more co-operative attitude and behaviour than are characteristic of capitalist society—still more, than were characteristic of it a century ago. The most obvious common factor among all the 'Socialisms' described in this volume is denunciation of the competitive spirit as manifested in capitalist industry and of its consequences in human ill-fare and oppression.

If such is the answer of the historian, the political scientist and practising politician must probe further.

May we, first, conclude that those who hold such ideas are socialists, though there are people with such views who call themselves 'liberals', not socialists; and there are socialists who would deny the name to colleagues in the Labor Party

who are satisfied with such ideas? Or, is it that the only satisfactory answer to such problems is to be found by enclosing all ideas in a series of volumes, dubbed 'socialism'?

These rhetorical questions lead to a further challenge and to a question that 'socialists' must stay to answer if they are not to remain fixed in their sects. Do the details of such a core of socialist meaning provide any assistance to a socialist-Labor Party that has the responsibility of administering a state or nation, in accordance with socialistic principles?

Can we assume that such a responsibility is accepted by Cahill—if it has ever been accepted by Labor Premiers?

May not rejection of this responsibility arouse the suspicion that in fact few in the Labor Party believe in socialism as a guide—including those who defeated the 'Groupers' and sponsored Evatt in the name of 'socialism'?

Let me examine here the problems of a group of proclaimed contemporary 'socialists'—the editors of *Outlook—an Australian Socialist Review*. After a dozen or so issues, the contents of which suggested a microcosm of socialist controversies, the editors ask their questions:

Are there kinds of socialism, as there are brands of jam? Perhaps not; but socialists hold a variety of opinions about its essential features. The concept of egalitarianism? the transfer of power from one class to another? the classless society? a system of economic planning? Is nationalization a step on the way to socialism, or something different altogether? Above all, what will socialism mean in terms of advanced industrial countries such as our own?

But having thus faced the realities of the situation, they find a 'common aim'—undefined—in a variety of views that have nothing in common except the use of an umbrella-word.

A more serious weakness in the editorial views of *Outlook* is indicated in the contradiction between their criticism of the Labor right wing for supporting 'non-socialist welfare-state-ism' and the electoral support given to a Labor Party, precisely for non-Socialist reasons:

Other Labor men—amongst them some very influential ones—are anxious to outbid the DLP in non-socialist welfare state-ism, even to the point of seeking a 'reconciliation' with men whose aim is to destroy the Labor movement. . . .

This, of course, is exactly what Dr Evatt attempted to do—and failed, because his opponents were more sincere in the advocacy of their principles, than were he and his supporters, who not only omitted to advocate socialism in election times—a minor matter—but also omitted to apply socialist principles to contemporary issues—a major matter.

HOW RELEVANT IS SOCIALISM?

The editors of *Outlook* give their reasons for desiring the election of a Federal Labor Government:

The Labour Party relies upon the votes of the workers, so a Labour government is always far more open to pressure of the workers than a conservative government.

If we have a Labour government in Canberra next year, then we can very reasonably expect more money for housing and education, less money wasted on defence that defends no one, an end to atomic bomb tests in Australia; perhaps we may expect to leave SEATO, and to restore the friendship we once had with India and Indonesia. . . .

The transition is swift from a criticism of Labor for not fighting on socialist principles to advocacy of reforms.

The difficulty which faces socialists in Australia today arises from these challenges and criticisms.

If socialism is defined precisely and such a definition is used as a test of Labor or socialist loyalty, then socialists split into smaller and smaller sects, which cannot provide plans for implementation, since they are without political support.

If, however, socialists in search of unity or of numbers are satisfied with a definition in general terms, then not only should such socialists reject using their personal interpretation as a test, but they must frankly recognize the problem of application that then develops. A narrow interpretation can be easily applied to political and administrative issues—but at the expense of political reality.

Since a tolerant definition provides only a guide or a mood, the essentially next step is to develop the institutions and the methods by which administrative and legislative actions will follow. Two approaches to a solution would then appear—the development of tolerant, free, and open discussion on Party or socialist issues; and the search for answers to contemporary problems, socialist answers if possible, but political answers anyway.

The test of socialism in Australia is to be found in the capacity of socialists to prepare practical and democratic measures for the solution of Australian problems and to do this in such a way that these policies will be accepted by Labor and by the community. There are no such plans. Dr Burton seems to argue that, since such plans must be 'reformist', they cannot be 'socialistic'; and therefore, logically, if perversely, keeps moving to the right of . . . Dr Burton. *Outlook* avoids this decision by turning back the clock to the days when problems of socialist application could be solved by exposures of capitalism.

There are serious reasons for rejecting this appeal to the past. First, it is illogical to repeat the reasons that led socialists

to participate in the formation of the Labor Party, during a period when that Party has had over fifty years of political success. If the reply is that Labor has not attempted to advance 'socialism', we can avoid being sidetracked again into a discussion on the significance of this word, by claiming rightly that political activity has changed considerably the meanings to be given to 'monopoly', 'exploitation', 'inequality'.

The most revealing aspects of such restatements of socialism as *Contemporary Socialism*, by John Strachey or *The Future of Socialism* by C.A.R. Crosland are the difficulties clearly experienced by all such writers in stating the case for socialism in terms of Blatchford or Keir Hardie.

This leads to the second reason. Not only have the successes of democratic governments—limited and often disappointing—modified the harshness of the old regime in Britain, Australia and Sweden, but they have increased the difficulties of preparing a 'socialist' programme for political Labor parties.

The solution is, not to reject either 'socialism' or 'reformism', but to recognize that both are part of the same movement and that the difficulties of applying traditional socialism are increasing. In the conventional sense of socialism, the difficulties may be insurmountable.

The final reason for the rejection of the traditional views is developed from the declining emphasis on the significance of nationalization in a socialist programme.

The contemporary case for socialism would then be based first on isolating ideas, whose importance has been reduced by time and successes, industrial and political, from those which have significance for the solution of today's problems. If in such an analysis 'nationalization' gives place again to 'collectivism', and monetary control is revived and restated, this is not to be regarded as a retreat from socialism, but an acknowledgment of advance. And if democratic ideals grow in importance, both as a judgment of the claims made by Communists or 'socialists', and as a challenge to the administration of State enterprises, then these ideals offer opportunities for further socialistic advances.

We do not dismiss this approach by declaring that it could be supported by non-socialists, since an important victory of democratic socialism is to convince the community, by deed, that power in a democracy can be won and maintained only by the development of collective enterprises, and by the extension of the standards, rights, and opportunities of the people.

Lloyd Ross

JOYCE CARY: THE MAN AND HIS WORK

R. G. Geering

‘AN AUTHOR has no more business in a book than the microphone on the screen. It is hard enough for him to give a clear coherent impression without unnecessary distractions.’ These words from an article by Joyce Cary published in 1950 express one of his firmest convictions about the way a novel should be written. Cary is, in fact, one of the most objective of twentieth century novelists, objective and at the same time intensely sympathetic in his approach to character. In the early books, the African novels, he showed a remarkable understanding of both whites and blacks, which enabled him to present fairly and convincingly the clash between a stone-age culture and modern civilization. Most notable among the character studies here are Aissa, the native woman caught between paganism and Christianity; Bewsher, the flamboyant District Officer; Elizabeth, the ju-ju priestess; and Johnson, the ebullient young African clerk. In the two English trilogies, this sympathetic understanding is carried to the point where Cary so identifies himself with the central character of each book that he becomes, in turn, the easy-going servant woman, Sara; the fussy, tormented old lawyer, Wilcher; the dedicated, harum-scarum artist, Jimson; the muddled prisoner of grace, Nina; the evangelical youth, Nimmo; and the fanatical soldier, Jim Latter. And in the process each of these novels takes its shape, its movement and rhythm, its language, the quality of its reflections and its emotional atmosphere from the personality of the central figure, who is telling the story. What, the reader may wonder, of the man himself, who could slough not just his skin but his own personality and grow fresh ones for each new protagonist he created?

I had the pleasure of meeting Cary on a number of occasions during 1956. I had been interested in his work for some years and had written to him from Australia in 1954-5 for information about magazine articles, broadcast talks, and out of print books which were unavailable here. He answered my letters promptly and courteously, supplied all the information he could, and told me to ask for any further help I thought he could give. (I discovered later, when in England, that he made a point of answering all the letters he received, whatever the contents, and that one of his first jobs each day was to attend to his correspondence before settling down to work.) When, towards

the end of 1955, I wrote telling him of my plans to study in Oxford the following year, he invited me to call on him. My first visit was on one of his regular open-house evenings. Though now crippled by the muscular atrophy that was to kill him within a year, Cary still followed his usual practice of setting aside one or two evenings each week between six and eight o'clock when friends and acquaintances could come along, often bringing visitors to Oxford who wished to meet him. On these occasions Cary would sit, with his paralysed leg propped up before him on a hassock, in the front room of his house, which faced the Oxford park. People would drift in any time during the evening and all were equally welcome. There was an atmosphere of warmth and informality, friendliness and hospitality. The drinks circulated freely, the air thickened with cigarette smoke and the continual buzz of excited talk.

Cary himself was a delightful man; spry and neat, mentally alert, courteous and friendly to all comers, rather small and wiry, his features now less cleanly-cut than then appeared in the dust-jacket photographs I had been used to, sparkling eyes and a thin fuzz of receding greyish hair. Even in old age he radiated gaiety and vitality; he loved companionship and the excitement of conversation and in those evenings gave as much as he took from his most voluble guests. He was an exuberant talker who, one felt, would have taken his place naturally in any group. The house contained hundreds of books and many paintings (a number of them his own). He told me he did not read many novels now—"I can gut most new novels in an hour." What interested him most were autobiographies, family memoirs and the like, in which he could observe the close, detailed texture of life recorded at first hand, books which gave him a sense of period, and insight into the ever-recurring predicaments of men in different ages and societies. When the subject of conversation was his own work he spoke more often of the ideas behind his novels than of the characters in them.

In a later talk I had with him he aired some of his favourite notions. 'Contrary to what many of the critics say, my world is not just a flux.' And (in summary) he hurtled on like this: 'Man's creative imagination is central to my view of the world. Even the timid, conservative Wilcher (*To Be A Pilgrim*) is in its grip; he creates the forms and spiritual values by which he lives. The purpose of writing is not "literary", but an attempt to get beneath the changing appearances of life to the realities beneath, to the few basic truths like love, ambition, and man's intuition of goodness. All great art is ultimately concerned with a few

simple and perennial things. I am an anti-behaviourist. All art movements go out of fashion and die (schools of painting last fifteen years or so, but the literary turnover is slower)—they become sterile through imitation. The next generation has to discover fresh ways of stating old truths to renew their power and meaning. Since words are symbols that become dull with use the writer must re-create to find a new means of expression. I try to avoid surface glitter—I use different methods from James Joyce's. I favour the method of shock (which sometimes fails) to make my reader aware of the truth, to make him feel—it doesn't matter much what device the writer uses, but he must somehow break through the reader's crust. Compton-Burnett achieves this by making you concentrate on each individual speech. I don't search for plots—there are a few simple, basic plots which serve for all occasions. There are only six or seven ways in which a woman can realize herself; there are many different set-ups, of course, but only a limited number of ways of responding—these will differ from man's, but both have their humanity in common.'

Cary was the sort of man I had expected. In reading his novels I had formed a distinct impression of the personality that I felt must lie behind the books—tolerant, alert and humorous; a man with wide and deep sympathies, full of the zest for life, with an insatiable interest in individual people. He was, indeed, like this. What I had not been prepared for was his extreme generosity and the friendliness he seemed to spread around him. He was most unpretentious, with the saving grace of humour when it came to a discussion of his own work. He was always willing to listen to criticism and had a deep respect for anyone's opinion, whether that of the professional critic or the common reader. Though devoted to his work with a single-mindedness that enabled him to fight his illness and continue writing almost to the last, he had no false pride nor any esoteric view of the writer as a privileged person.

In one of my early conversations with him he told me of stacks of material, largely abandoned and unpublished novels, stowed away in the attic and the first-floor study. Since he was now unable to climb the stairs, he worked in his bedroom and another small room set up as a study, both on the ground floor. He had forgotten much of what was upstairs, though he could recall titles and other details of some of the books he had tried to write early in his career. Andrew Wright, of Ohio State University, whose book on Cary has recently been published, was in Oxford in 1956, and patiently went through some of the

piles of manuscript in an effort to put the material in order. Cary gave Wright and me freedom to come and go as we liked and to read whatever we could lay our hands on. He made no attempt to withhold anything and seemed quite indifferent as to what use might be made of the material. He was, at this time, anxious to finish the 1956 Clark lectures, *Art and Reality*, and to return to his next novel, *The Captive and the Free* (which was still unfinished at his death). Like Jimson he had the true artist's spirit—he would never rest on past achievements, once a piece of work was done he pushed on to something new.

There was a mountain of interesting stuff in that upstairs study, a witness to Cary's dedication to his profession, the standards he set himself, his powers of self-criticism, and his unceasing search for the forms in which he could best express his particular view of life: abandoned and unpublished novels ranging in length from a few chapters to complete works, articles and essays, plays, film scripts, a diary written in Paris during his life there as an art student, a large journal kept at Borgu while on political service in Africa, innumerable jottings and sketches of incidents and characters that might have been the jumping off points for novels, short stories and elaborate dossiers out of which he had patiently built some of his best books. One of the most surprising of the unpublished novels was *Arabella*, a story, set in the nineteen-twenties, of the bright young things living enthusiastically for birth control and the class war, and enjoying wild debauches in the name of freedom. The central character is Professor Willie Hoopey, an intellectual who is the dupe of both Nazism and Communism. The book is a satire on totalitarian government written with a wild comic gusto. Among the best parts are a slapstick satirical account of an English election (the result of which is that two socialist members share all the cabinet posts between them), and the final scene in which Moses Maclashin becomes boss of the USA after a bolshevik revolution.

Of the rest of this vast bulk of unpublished material I have space to mention only one more set of papers, the preliminary notes and a rejected beginning to *The Horse's Mouth*. Originally the narrator was not Jimson, nor was he an artist; he was 'a good chap suspicious of artists' with 'no imagination but sentimentalist, good-hearted, vague'. This 'I' (who had met Jimson in Paris) realizing he could never become an artist himself, abandoned painting, took work on a newspaper, and now keeps a hotel. 'I' used to regard Jimson as a wonderful technician not a great artist, a faker who believed himself a genius and who courted

fame by deriding the academies and shocking the public with newer and queerer styles. 'I' had lost touch with Jimson, but some years later is shown a really great series of Jimson paintings discovered by a Mr Hickson. Originally the story was to have started from this point. When we consider *The Horse's Mouth* in its final form it is easy to see what Cary gained by making Jimson the narrator; the novel became Jimson's book, the whole an expression of a single, colourful personality, with its own characteristic idiom, thereby completing the pattern of the trilogy, which is a series of self-dramatizations.

One reason for the mass of unpublished material lying in the upstairs rooms was Cary's unusual method of composition. He has said '... my books do not begin with a plan but in a character sketch or scene, which may or may not grow into a short story or novel. I have scores of them, and now and then I turn them over, then I may add something to one or two of them, a suggestion for development, or a bit of description, or even another character.' And again: 'I do not write, and never have written, to an arranged plot. The book is composed over the whole surface at once like a picture, and may start anywhere, in the middle or at the end. I may go on from the end to the beginning on the same day, and then from the beginning to the middle. As in picture composition this involves continual trial and error and a lot of waste. Whole chapters get moved from one place to another, and perhaps thrown out altogether; characters appear and disappear.' Cary's novels always began with the concrete image, not with the abstract idea, which is the stimulus for writers like Huxley and Orwell, and this explains their vividness, their sense of actuality, of life as it is lived in the moment. He generally wrote three times the amount of material that finally appeared in any novel of his. This enormous waste he deplored but it was the only way he could achieve the kind of form he wanted and 'a certain balance and unity within a given context'. So he habitually worked on more than one novel at a time and always had on hand manuscripts in various stages of development. Most of the novels he started were never finished; furthermore, he never knew the potentialities of any book until he had written a large part of it.

The novelist, Cary believed, must achieve the complexity of life and, at the same time, devise a form that makes his meaning clear. So, he spent years thinking out his beliefs, writing and rewriting, before he was prepared to release *Aissa Saved*, his first novel, for publication. But the relatively simple African novels (based on his experience as an Assistant District Officer

in Nigeria), in which he had achieved objectivity, were misinterpreted: *Aissa Saved* was regarded as a condemnation of the missions whereas it is, as Cary said later, clearly 'a study of the actual pressures on both sides'; *The African Witch*, a book that shows the gulf between African and European ways of life in the dramatic context of political and religious conflicts, was taken as an attack on colonial administration and a call for native education to abolish barbarity and violence. Such views were characteristic of attitudes prevalent in the nineteen-thirties—the assumption being that literature should be political propaganda in some form or other—and brought this comment from Cary: 'Most of the discussion was in the style of Reading without Tears. A cat is on the mat. The Empire is naughty. Primitive savages are good—but European civilization is corrupt.' And even as late as 1951 Milton Crane can talk of *Mister Johnson* and 'its richness of comic and satiric invention', as if it too were an exposure of the white man's rule and the African's gullibility.

In the first English trilogy Cary found a form that enabled him to paint a more complex picture. By switching from the third person narrative used in the African novels to the first person narrative for three different kinds of characters whose lives have crossed, he achieves at one and the same time objective presentation and the persuasive statement of individual experience. The reader is compelled to revise the opinion he has formed of Wilcher from Sara's account in *Herself Surprised* when he turns to Wilcher's own story, and so on. Each of the books presents *a* case, not *the* case, and the reader is left to reach his own conclusions. This wide-ranging sympathy for individuals, this tolerance and understanding of different points of view, are shown in all Cary's work but in the final novels these qualities are carried so far that they create difficulties. As Cary became more concerned to render the complexity of life and to account for it in terms of the mixture of impulse and motive, he reached a point where his very success in presenting a number of different cases confuses the reader. *The Horse's Mouth*, like the African novels, has been misinterpreted but, though it poses the rival claims of artist and society, it is not ambiguous. The second trilogy, *Prisoner of Grace*, does set a puzzle. One difficulty is that, starting ostensibly as Nina's defence of her husband, an eminent politician, it develops too many complications on the way. Though autobiographical in manner, it is not, like *Herself Surprised*, only the narrator's story; it becomes just as much Chester's story, but presented from Nina's point of view. So

turns into a maze of charges, countercharges and defences. And the confusion is increased by the sort of person Nina is—passive, pliant, and muddled: she is not a narrator who can give a firm account. (At certain critical points in the story we cannot be sure exactly what happens—does she really try to commit suicide, is it just a threat, or is it merely a coincidence that she rushes to the open window?) The reader is bemused, because he has only Nina's word as against, not Chester's attitude (that would be difficult enough), but her version of Chester's attitude; so the job of disentanglement becomes impossible. Cary is trying to show that, contrary to appearances, Chester cannot be simply dismissed as a hypocrite. This is true, but Chester nevertheless habitually indulges in self-deception for his own benefit, and thereby forfeits our sympathy. And if we turn to his own story, *Except the Lord*, as a cross-check, we find little help because the youthful self-portrait there seems that of a different person altogether.

Perhaps the sympathy and tolerance which made it possible for Cary to create Mister Johnson, the characters of the first trilogy, and to write that exquisitely perceptive study of childhood, *A House of Children*, ultimately became too strong for the novelist. Those same qualities, however, endeared him to his friends and made even short acquaintance a deep pleasure. He was, furthermore, quite free of self-pity and would allow no talk of the disease that he fought with great courage to the end. I like to recall my last glimpses of him, propped up in bed, his right arm supported by an elaborate contraption of pulleys and bands which enabled him to go on drawing, and working at his next novel in handwriting reduced by his paralysis to an almost indecipherable scribble that seemed to defy the destroyer to do its worst.

R.G.Geering

We can't have everything at once. Today there is little left of the superstitious hope of a general limitless Progress; yet we have inherited a curious belief, unreflective but tenacious, in the permanent compatibility of the things we want with all other things: for instance, the compatibility of civic liberty with the pure majoritarian principle; of extreme industrialization with human values in work; of acute technomania with a humanist culture; of general religion with a high level of moral and artistic life. . . . As for artistic creation, in particular, how can one fail to sense in it that desperation of the uprooted, that murderous separation from its natural sources, which doubtless began a long time ago but which has reached in our time a degree hitherto unparalleled?

Wladimir Weidlé, *LES ABEILLES D'ARISTÉE* (1954)

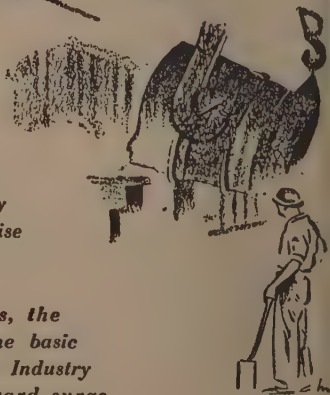
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AN EXPERT OPINION

Bernard Hesling

STANLEY Street, where I lived as a child, lay alongside a foundry. The houses were of good stone and cosy, but the corrosive breath of nearby furnaces blew on them and they became like one grim row of badly decayed teeth. The residents of the street were foremen mechanics: men who could afford this picked position—for with Redman's Iron Works facing your front door you were out of bed and shirt into pants at the six twenty-five whistle; ready at your lathe when the final Whew! blasted the air at half-past. Although not exactly Park Lane, there was an even keel of comfort in the street. No children in clogs, no mill hands to add almost a colour bar, no women in shawls. (Even to hang out the wash, Stanley Street ladies dressed respectably in their husbands' caps.)

Once the line is drawn between boiler suit and white collar, the blackest smock becomes a badge of rank, for however important the relatively clean work of fitter, mechanic or engine-smith, it is the sensitive chimney sweep of a moulder, kneeling in his heap of clinging black sand, who gets the largest Friday envelope and the fattest turkey from his boss at Christmas time.

By rights the Hootons, who lived across from us, should have been lords of the street. Mrs Hooton ought to have penned our epitaphs and assisted the midwife. Clegg Hooton, whose gritty black face oozed wealth in the form of a long cheroot, should, as a moulder, have been the first to dandle our children. Why the Hootons were neither highly regarded or even fully accepted, it would be hard to say. Admittedly Clegg Hooton 'drank'. But so did others. Perhaps had he conformed to the normal drunken pattern of unconsciousness or strife, instead of appearing before us as a prophet in the night to wave his arms and point the finger, our attitude might have been different. A horrible suspicion arises here, for at this time (before we knew the man, I mean) it is possible he wasn't drunk at all. He neither swayed nor reeled. His speech, as he stood rigid as a white post in the back-yard, was neither thick nor thin, only clear; even his long, full nightshirt, we were to find out later, wasn't a nightshirt.

'Hist! What's yond?' a stranger waking in Stanley Street might ask. And he would sit up rubbing his eyes the clearer to see his first glimpse of paradise, for yond voice spake with the tongues

of angels surely? It took time, awakened suddenly, to realize that it was only Hooton out of his mind again:

'Is it not brave to be a King, Techelles?

Is it not passing brave to be a King,

and ride in triumph through Persepolis?'

A man might well ask what was 'yond', for the voice was a vicar's voice and cut the drizzling night like a whew. My mother, by rights, should have had great sympathy for Mr Hooton—far more, that is, than for the other local alcoholics, for obviously he was a soul worth saving. That he was educated, you could tell from his speech. He knew the Bible too—could recite chapters of it. Quite often, of course, it wasn't the Bible, but anything with 'thee's' and 'thou's' in it was the Bible to Stanley Street. On the occasions when he woke us up he was in the street some minutes before his wife, so presumably she was in bed and had been wakened like the rest of us. 'Come inside, Clegg, do! Come inside, lad!' she would say when roused, which showed that, at least in speech he had married beneath him. But getting him inside was a different matter. Oblivious of her as he often was, he might speak of the beauties of Astoroth and Estoreth, but aware of her he would turn to the Song of Solomon: 'Thy two breasts, my love, are like unto two roes that are twins which feed among the lilies. . . .' A gross libel, of course, as Jessie Hooton was a squirrel without the glory of a tail, no breasts either, and the way she held herself: shoulders hunched and trying hard to get together in spite of the neck between them, and the upward bend of the sharply elbowed, supplicating arms poised as if she would roll her husband like a large round nut into the open doorway, made her appear more squirrel-like than ever.

I would be twelve when we got to know the Hootons. It was Saturday afternoon and sitting at the window wrapped in a shawl (for I was recovering from 'flu), I saw smoke billowing from the Hootons' door. 'Looks like a fire, mother!' I said. 'The Hootons!'

Not stopping even to lay down her Saturday orange with the lump of sugar in it, mother raced across the street. 'Hello!' she called. 'Are you in? Hello!' But this time the Hootons' door didn't stop her.

'It was nowt,' mother said afterwards. 'Nowt at all.' The frying pan had been left on, the fat had 'caught', setting fire to the tea towel. This in turn had lit some socks drying over the stove. It was the work of a moment to whisk the whole lot into the sink and turn the tap on, but in doing so mother

made plenty of noise. A door opened behind her and, the fire out, she wheeled to find Clegg Hooton standing in the parlour doorway.

'Nay!' she exclaimed, 'Nay!' Which might have meant, 'Nay, you nearly had the house on fire', or 'Nay'—almost anything, but actually it was a 'Nay!' of surprise and shock. Mr Hooton had his nightshirt on and a velvet tammy on his head and held in his hand a flat wooden palette covered with daubs of colour. If anyone in the street had to discover that Clegg Hooton was a painter, it were better for it to be mother, for after all, she was the daughter of Alderman Woodruffe, and at grandfather's home in Denby she had grown up with oil paintings. Mother pushed past Clegg into the studio, Woodruffe patron stock now uppermost. She must see and appraise and no bones about it. Mr Hooton, for his part, once he had been found out, gave way with a charm of manner that matched his voice. By all means, she must come in! The parlour had been converted into a studio. There was an easel, a raised platform with a chair on it, paints and bottles everywhere, and against the walls canvasses by the score. And what canvasses! In paint alone they must have cost a fortune, so thickly was the pigment spread. They were not, though, the kind of pictures mother was used to, or had even heard about. She looked around. Was he mad, this well-spoken gentleman? Was all this waste? She stopped, for on the floor, leaning against the grate to keep the soot from flooding into the room was a picture of his daughter Myfanwy—to the very life. It wasn't the sort of picture you would hang up, mother told us afterwards. Scraped on with a piece of firewood, the paint looked. One eye was lower than the other too, and the hair was as you get on coconuts. But it *was* Myfanwy Hooton. He'd caught that snotty, not-good-enough-for-me expression to a tee. . . .

Now that his secret was discovered, Mr Hooton seemed in no hurry to let mother go. His family was out, he said. In any case, they had little understanding of just what he was trying to achieve. 'This, for instance'—and he turned to the easel, to the canvas on which he was evidently working when disturbed. Mother had carefully avoided any obvious scrutiny of this painting ever since entering the room, for something told her that the model for it was probably Mrs Hooton, and a Mrs Hooton bare to the waist. Forced to appraise it now, she was struck by just how unlike Mrs Hooton it was—not only unlike Mrs Hooton, but unlike anybody. 'The neck?' she muttered.

'A column only,' explained Mr Hooton.

'Nay!' said mother. 'And is that meant to be your niece, Jennifer?' And she might well ask, for the rubber child wearing its rosy flesh as armour, side-saddled the woman's forearm as if this were a horse.

'A version of the eternal mother and child theme,' explained the artist. 'Don't see it as Jess and Jennifer, please.'

'But yond arm!' exclaimed mother, for this limb (not the one holding the child, but the other) was huge as if with dropsy. 'He said it had to be like that,' mother told us afterwards at tea time, 'to balance Jennifer on the other side.' He'd tried a normal arm, but it looked wrong.

My brother Ben supped his tea and said nothing. It probably sounded very queer to him, but mother, who had the explanation from the artist himself and was won over to him in spite of herself by the libellous portrait of Myfanwy, was already finding the dropsical arm easier going. 'I've fixed it up for you to see his pictures, Ben,' said mother, 'but you'll have to look smart. The best are going to London in a crate.'

My brother, Holroyd, was the clever one of our family, but Ben was the intellectual—the poet. Already, at seventeen, Ben was writing letters to the paper, winning elocution prizes, acting in Shakespeare at the Town Hall and in Bernard Shaw at the Trades Hall.

Ben knew little about most of the things mother regarded him as an authority on, but about art, well he at least went to the exhibitions in the room over the library, and a few unusual prints decorated his bedroom: 'Hope', 'The Light of the World', 'Morte d'Arthur'. Besides these there were a couple brought back by a friend who had holidayed in France—distorted things they were, of jugs and apples caught in the act of sliding off tables, and of ripe cornfields carved out of paint instead of painted with it, but they were at least colourful.

Old Hooton 'had' something, our Ben was sure of that. What exactly Clegg was trying to say he had little idea, but then that made the man even more of a genius, for Ben had read enough to be almost permanently bent backwards towards anything he didn't understand. 'You'll see,' he prophesied, 'one day Clegg Hooton will be famous.'

And so mother and I looked for a long time, for by now Mr Hooton had given Ben a couple of paintings for posing for him, but they were still neither of them what you should expect from a good brush. Clegg usually painted my brother on a Sunday, and while he was dodging around him like a fitter, worrying over Ben's general structure, Ben himself was worrying over

Clegg's voice and of how he came by it—of how the man came to be an artist at all and, stranger still, a moulder. Before he could formulate the first question though, the painter spoke, for Clegg knew that half the town would have given their ears to know something about him (for half the town had tried asking). Ben, however—as far as Clegg could judge—wasn't inquisitive, and that was the kind of audience he wanted. Clegg's monologue began as personal histories do begin, and broken only with 'damns' or 'blasts' as he couldn't find a colour, ran casually through his tale.

'Clegg went to Epsom College as a lad,' my brother told us, 'when he was seven.' We were impressed about this, for even though we'd never heard of the school, we'd heard of Epsom Derby. Clegg, of course, intended to impress Ben. After all, Ben was his first even mildly discriminating audience and he wanted to keep him.

'I went from Epsom to Mildenhurst,' said Clegg, 'but before I was seventeen the blow fell—the old boy scraped the bottom of the keg.'

'Your father?'

'Yep!'

Mother and I heard the tale second hand and in snatches, for Ben was like that. He would come back from Clegg's with a set, freemason face and saying nothing. But after a few days of keeping a tight jaw against a barrage of nobody asking him, he'd talk. There had been some big trouble. Clegg hadn't known exactly what, but his dad had cleared off, gone to Canada—South America—somewhere where the law wasn't so competent. 'He was always a B.F., the old man, Ben. Always walking out on mum, only this time he didn't leave so much as a Woodbine. And mum too—well, she wasn't exactly a manager. She could, even then, if she'd had any sense, and just by popping an old emerald brooch, have bought a house as good as any in Stanley Street. A pair of earrings, too, and we'd have been on clover for a year. But she didn't know that. . . . She didn't know that houses could be had for brooches—and *knowing*, Ben, is everything. . . . She'd been brought up "proper", had mum. In trouble, you didn't "pop" things. You went to a different uncle; you went to cousins and half-cousins. You climbed the family tree and shook the fruit off—the trouble was, of course, that dad got in first.'

'They wouldn't help your mother?' It was rarely that Ben spoke, but Clegg at this stage lost a palette knife and by the time he'd found it he had broken the thread.

'Oh no! Good God, no!' Clegg laughed. 'Not on your life! For mum made the mistake of touting *me* around to stir the heart-strings: *me*—a pale, rabbity lad, thin as a weasel and all cap. Oh! I looked hungry all right, but I also looked like dad—a new sample perhaps—but of the selfsame cloth and years of wear in me. Hell, Yes! Dad was worn down to the seams, even had he stayed in England, but *I* would last. They could see that: three school holidays a year, and in every one of them *trouble*—and afterwards I'd start in their various businesses, one at a time, the way dad did, unscrewing the till in each as I went along. No—even at sixteen I could see what they were thinking. . . . Mind you, sympathy there was, Ben. Plenty. Small cheques also—and a good thing, for mother joined dad on them eventually, but no one would take me on, no one that is, except Old Josh. . . .'

Josh Redman—so that was it! Ben remembered now. There was always vague talk of Clegg being *connected* with Redman's Foundry.

'Keep still, Ben! I'm working on your chin. Relax—don't look so stiff, but all the same keep still. Yes, Old Josh was the one relative dad hadn't located: Uncle Joshua, only half an uncle and lost so deep in the Yorkshire hills it took mother weeks to find him.'

Clegg, at nearly seventeen, had been too old for 'prenticing', as Josh Redman called it, but he'd stretch a point. No one, not even his foreman, need know the lad's real age. To Clegg's mother, moulding sounded a good job, for after all it had been Mr Redman's trade, and *he* smoked a cigar whilst telling of it. What exactly it entailed, she had no notion. Making models and casting them, Josh had said. Why, that was splendid, for her boy was quite artistic! Whether Mr Redman intended that Hooton should go on from moulding, or whether his blood, having demonstrated its thickness once, had done enough, Clegg couldn't say. Actually, he seemed to think Josh had done plenty for him, for, after all, moulding *was* the best paid trade in Bramfield. He could possibly have got somewhere by toadying. Not very far, though, not with Josh's three sons clamouring for soft jobs.

'You could have gone into the office, though,' said Ben. 'Surely you could have got into the office?'

To Clegg, though, with his values, cheap office oilcloth was worse than moulding sand. 'Besides, I was never good at figures, Ben. English literature, Latin, even a little Greek—yes, I was quite a student—and those first years, until the shock of moulding

wore off, I read and read, never touched a brush until I was out of my apprenticeship. When I began to paint I even enjoyed moulding. I liked the unexpected sharp feel of the moulding sand, the sizzling metal. Only a moulder knows how many shades of black there are—how many greys from pitch smoke right through to white fresh-water steam. And reds, Ben. All the scarlets, carmines, vermilions, cadmiums, crimsons, and all becoming as many shades of blue as the metal cools. . . .’

From a posed face Ben watched him, studied him even as he squeezed a tube of one of his precious reds lovingly out on to the rainbow palette. It wasn’t possible—it just wasn’t possible. . . .

Except for Ben’s friendship with Clegg, we didn’t see any more of the Hootons after the fire than before, for even if mother was willing to be neighbourly, Mrs Hooton wasn’t likely to be, with mother knowing the state of their parlour, with herself exposed on an easel there—not to mention countless versions of Myfanwy with breasts like twin tobacco pouches. No, we saw no more of them—but we understood them.

When Ben, who fancied himself as an actor, gave up the engineering trade at a week’s notice and went away with a visiting Chu Chin Chow company, he said goodbye to Hooton and got another picture from him, and it was no loss Hooton giving it, for now he painted most of the day. For moulders, as well as the rest, bad times had come. Clegg went to the Labour Exchange, signed on, came home and painted, and there was no one to distract him either, for by now his family had had enough of him. Myfanwy married—a Co-op Manager he was, with plenty of room over the shop—and so for good measure, provided she did the housework, the good man took on Myfanwy’s mother. Now that he wasn’t working, Clegg painted openly. A trip to London too during a Wakes Week when, as he told mother with a sarcastic laugh, some demented person bought pictures from him, must have turned his head, for he was setting up his easel in the street now. He was painting the slag heaps at Redman’s: the rusting pig-iron, the heaps of ash-grey dross, the dead furnaces; but worse, if he could get into the house of mourning he’d up with the blind and paint dead folk.

Finding it hard to get models, for no one likes to be made a fool of, he took to using half-witted Willy Parrot. A mere sup of gin put Willy to sleep and Clegg would paint him as he lay there, or he would prop him up, his idiot face turned away, and concentrate on an arm or a leg. He soon had Willy’s folk to deal with, though, for they came to hear of it and were vexed naturally,

as drink could bring on Willy's fits—cause him to fall downstairs or anything.

Their worries, though, were soon over, for Hooton it was who fell downstairs. It was the last glass from the last bottle—gin, a woman's drink—and down he came like a falling star, a foot caught in the torn skirts of the old smock. The stairs were all alike in Stanley Street, no handrails, just smooth distemper. A large patch of it rubbed off on him as he slid backwards to his death.

'I wish our Ben was home,' said mother. 'They're burning all those pictures.'

'He couldn't hoard them in his bedroom, mother.'

'No, but he might sort out the best ones—that is, if there *are* any best ones. I don't know what he could do, lad, but I wish he was here.'

In the end she put on her hat and went to town. What it cost her, mother never said, but she came back with a gentleman, Hiram Floss of the Floss Art Shop in Albert Square, and together they went across. She didn't know the man, but Ben had bought 'Hope' there and 'Light of the World', and once when he was flush after winning an elocution prize, a lovely thing, an etching called 'The Jackdaw of Chartres'.

'Oh no, indeed no!' said Mr Floss. 'Nil nisi bonum, of course,' but this was no painter. No need to save anything from this lot. He drank a cup of tea with us, a pernickety camphor-smelling man who lifted mother's Woodruffe teapot to read the stamp. You could tell the born painter, he said, by the way he handled shadows, by the lustre on his grapes, by the sheen on his satins. Mother was convinced, of course, as that was her taste also, but remembering Ben's prints which the friend had brought him from France, she sent me upstairs for them: 'My elder son said these were quite famous—that hundreds of pounds were paid for the originals over there.'

'Nonsense, nonsense,' laughed the expert, not bothering even to adjust his spectacles, for the paint stared big at him. He wouldn't be surprised at anything over there, he said, but Yorkshire was still sane. We needn't waste sleep over those daubs, was his opinion. None whatever. And so by the light of the bonfire, the man went. And it was a big bonfire, for old Hooton spread his paint thick like butter and it burnt well.

'Even the work of Van Gogh himself,' said Ben, when years later he moved south and had lived to see all three of his Hootons in a famous London gallery, 'couldn't have burnt any better.'

Bernard Hesling

LETTER FROM EUROPE

A THIRD WORLD POWER?

W.A.Żbyszewski

IN 1945, at the end of the Second World War the European scene was dominated by a Russian and an Englishman: by Stalin and Churchill. Today it is dominated by a Frenchman and a German: by General de Gaulle and Dr Adenauer. The Russian boss has been shifted back to where he belonged, to the non-European world. As such, he is still a threat to old Europe, but no longer a member of the European family. Like the Turks, and before them the Tartars he is merely an invader, an alien body, an intruder—no longer one of our kin entitled to speak at the family meeting.

The case of Britain is obviously much more complex. The late editor of *The Nineteenth Century and After*, F.A.Voigt (himself the son of a Swiss immigrant from Zurich) enjoyed saying and repeating that 'Britain is of Europe, but not in Europe'. Such refinements are probably meaningless to our generation which, submerged as it is by the flood of events and outsize information, must stick to basic concepts, made as simple and as clear as possible. Britain, I should say, is of Europe and in Europe; but many Englishmen have not digested yet that elementary fact, and still imagine she is a ship anchored off the shores of Europe, ready to sail away at a moment's notice. She still believes she can afford a policy of *cavalier seul*, only intermittently and half-way linked to this or that Continental power, and otherwise relying on a scattered and loosely-knit Commonwealth and Empire. These ideas are not shared by the nations of the mainland.

Continental Europeans believe that the continuing divisions of our poor little Europe are responsible for the untold miseries and sufferings which we have endured in the first half of this century; they believe that mere coalitions, mere alliances, cannot remedy the present situation, cannot ward off the dangers in store, cannot raise our miserable European standard of living to the American level. And this is what we Europeans want above everything else. Across the window-panes of the shops in Western Germany you can see splashed enormous posters or large tapes: *Besser Leben*—'to live better'. Germany's neighbours have not hit yet upon as terse a slogan, but their way of thinking is exactly the same.

In this climate, the attractiveness of British political thinking has greatly shrunk during the postwar years. The balance of power, still dear to the hearts not only of British statesmen and diplomatists but also of the man in the street in London and Glasgow, has lost every vestige of attraction to the Continental European. British economic thinking seems no less outmoded and inefficient to the Europeans. The contrast between the staggering growth of the West German economy and British stagnation has reversed the order of European values. M. Pinay's financial reforms were markedly copied from those of Dr Erhard, the German financial wizard; while the policies of the successive British Chancellors of the Exchequer—Butler, Macmillan, Thorneycroft and Amory—make no impact on Continental thought or policy. The Free Trade Area concept died even before it was born. And it is a mistake to talk of a splitting of Europe into two: Switzerland, Austria, Scandinavia, Spain and the non-Communist Balkan countries know only too well that they cannot afford to quarrel with the Common Market: they are haggling, nothing more. The non-Six will turn their coats as soon as it is practicable for them. Who will be first to desert the sinking (or sunken) ship of Free Trade? Denmark? Or Austria? Or Switzerland? Or Greece? It is impossible to tell. But anyone who has attended a debate in Switzerland's Nationalrat knows perfectly well that the Swiss are merely Frenchmen and Germans who decided six centuries ago not to fight each other. Now that their elder and bigger brothers have at last reached the same conclusion, are the Swiss going to baulk and fret and oppose? *Allons donc!*

Europe is a necessity. Europe must come and will come. The old local patriotisms—with the exception of England, but then it's too small an exception—are not dying out, but thinning out: they command only loyalty, but no enthusiasm. Thinking Europeans—and there are far more thinking Europeans than thinking Americans—are deeply convinced that in her present state of political and economic anarchy Europe cannot give her children the standard of living which should be rightly theirs; that no European currency gives a guarantee of stability for more than a couple of years (the Swiss franc being the only exception), since all the economies concerned are much too small to withstand any serious depression; that national armed forces in Europe make no sense at all and are much too heavy a burden, a senseless burden at that, since it is only the American retaliation power which gives a modicum of safety to this Western bridgehead on the Eastern shores of the Atlantic.

Continental Europeans see their currencies (including the pound) constantly exposed to new pressures; they see their trade handicapped by insane barriers and restrictions; they view with a mixture of amusement and horror the antiquated frontiers which divide their homeland; and their pride (which at bottom is immense) bleeds at the sight of the indignities to which Europe and Europeans are subjected. There is in Europe a fundamental will of unity and rebirth which goes far deeper than a mere arrangement of diplomatic alliances; and this is what makes the present Paris-Bonn axis such a milestone in the history not merely of Europe, but of the world.

Current linguistic usage is more important than most people realize. When France and Britain, or Britain and Germany, or France and Italy are drawing closer together we speak of Anglo-French or Anglo-German rapprochement. But when France and Germany start working hand in hand we speak—all of us and all over the world—of Europe: birth of Europe, European policy, European unity—these are the terms that spontaneously, irrepressibly spring to our lips. This is no accident: France and Germany *are* Europe. Their quarrels have led to two world wars; their amity will cement the Continent. Franco-German rivalry has reduced these mighty nations to impotence and turned Europe into a bloody field, trampled by non-European powers. Their union shapes Europe into a true World Power, as mighty as the United States or Russia, and, perhaps in a not too distant future even mightier than these are. France and Germany are great powers intrinsically, by their very nature: all others are such by mere accident—or as a result of this lamentable Franco-German quarrel which has dominated all European history during the last ten centuries. In particular, Russia has thriven and grown to power only by exploiting Franco-German rivalries. No wonder that the present turn in Franco-German relations has caused a near panic in the Kremlin. Khrushchev and Mikoyan are desperately trying to prevent a rebirth of the Empire of Charles the Great by neutralizing Germany, by wooing Bonn, by threats, by smiles and menaces, and by overt bids to the United States. Playing off Paris against Bonn, Moscow was always sure that she had all the cards in her pocket: now for the first time the boot is on the other foot, and Moscow feels an icy chill descending down her spine. And this is but a very modest first instalment of things and developments yet to come.

De Gaulle and Adenauer are the two artisans of this new axis in which no-one believed as late as six months ago, and which

is now here for all to see. They are very different, yet they have certain characteristics in common. Both are elderly. Both are conservative. Both believe in stability, in order, in quiet and orderly progress. Both realize that their countries cannot bear the terrifying burden of the old rivalry, and cannot afford to leave the standard of living of their peoples at the desperately low level to which it has sunk as a result of two world wars. Both are determined to let bygones be bygones. Both have a profound, inborn sense of European unity, and this sense has in both of them a strongly Catholic bias. They both see Europe very much as the medieval Church saw it: as an orderly society, based on hierarchy, on discipline, but also on brotherhood and basic spiritual unity. Neither de Gaulle, nor Adenauer are adventurers and firebrands like those ghastly fascist criminals who plunged Europe into the greatest catastrophe of its history. They are more attached to nineteenth century liberalism than to radical democracy: they both dread demagoguery and the excesses of mob rule: they both have an innate sense of authority: and they both reflect the desire of Europeans to turn a new leaf, to extricate themselves from the rut of past mistakes, suspicions and hatreds. Of the two, Adenauer is the more conservative, but also the more internationally minded; while de Gaulle is more ready to play with socially leftist ideas (although here it should be borne in mind that the French are probably the most reactionary nation in Europe—a French Radical-Socialist would be called a die-hard in Tory England!). De Gaulle is also more concerned with ‘prestige’, more of a militarist, and naturally more interested in colonial matters, since Germany has no overseas territories. In a way Adenauer is more ‘modern’, though he is de Gaulle’s senior by fifteen years; on the other hand, de Gaulle is much the more cultured of the two. Adenauer’s strength lies in his tenacity, in the utter simplicity of his ideas, his scorn for diplomatic subtleties and manoeuvring. De Gaulle is more *nuance*, in the true French tradition. Nevertheless, he has not only the typically French predilection for ‘shades’; he has also a strong passion for determined policies, trenchant decisions, clear situations. He had probably no very clear idea about his future foreign policy when he came to power, but he has since made up his mind: he refuses to be a passive satellite of the United States, he refuses even more strongly so to play second fiddle to Britain or to admit, be it ever so slightly, that Britain has any great-power rights or privileges which France should not enjoy. When snubbed in Washington and London in his efforts to make France an atomic power, or to give her an equal

say in the councils of NATO, in the Western directorate, in the Middle East, he opted for the bait which Adenauer was offering him: he prefers to be first in Western Europe than third in the Western World. And for this he must make Europe. Of course, he is also making admirable efforts to reform and invigorate the French Community. But sixty million Negroes and Berbers cannot possibly reverse the true balance of power in Europe and the world; while the Franco-German confederation can and will.

When two or more nations get together, they must cement their newly-found unity by some great achievements accomplished together. The Common Market is an economic association. So, first of all it must be an economic success. It must raise the prosperity, productivity and standard of living of its member states and member nations. Otherwise it is bound to be a dismal failure.

The Common Market should and ought to be a magnificent success. It should lower costs and expand consumption. But there are several snags. These must be briefly mentioned. For more than forty years France has been the unhappy prey of almost continuous and almost runaway inflation. This is only being stopped now. It has not only brought great material damage, but it has also demoralized the French people. Habits of thrift and honesty have been largely lost. At least one million men and women (more if we include their families) got used to living on the proceeds of speculation and hoarding. If the Pinay experiment is a hundred per cent. success, they will lose their means of livelihood. Certainly, they will not give up without a fight. Their 'rehabilitation' and 're-education' will require time. Until this large class of 'spivs', sponging on public need and misery, disappears altogether from the French and especially the Paris scene, nothing will be finally settled; every setback will result in a renewed wave of speculation against the franc.

What is being now called—rather inaccurately—inflation is mainly caused by exaggerated military expenditure. The burden is too great even for the United States. If the French stabilization programme was accompanied by a substantial reduction of the military expenditure (not only in Algeria, but even more so on the armaments industry in Metropolitan France) success would be almost certain. Alas, it seems likely that for some more years Europe will have to continue to spend a disproportionately large proportion of her resources on defence.

Lastly, all European countries spend too large a part of their

limited resources on maintaining an outdated and extravagant agricultural structure. Farms in Western Europe, and in France in particular, are far too small and are run at a loss. This loss has to be born by the community in the form of subsidies and exorbitant prices for farm produce.

These are three very serious handicaps. If, however, the six Common Market countries succeed in overcoming them, the results will be staggering: any attempt at dismantling a Community capable of so brilliantly justifying its existence will be doomed to failure, and the number of applicants to join the new 'prosperity club' will grow almost every day. A good many observers of the London political stage believe that even England, when she sees that all her attempts to overthrow the Common Market have failed, will join it in the end. She could have been its boss; today she could probably still join it as a leader, equal with France and Germany; but further procrastination may mean that only the seat of a junior partner will remain available for her.

Supposing, the Common Market works—as I fervently hope it will—what happens then? First, I think, the completion of the Market programme will proceed at a much quicker pace than was generally anticipated. The Rome treaty provides for a transitory period of between twelve and fifteen years. Now, if the Rome treaty works, these delays should be substantially shortened, perhaps to five years, perhaps to seven. And that will make a tremendous difference.

The Rome treaty contains only very vague provisions about trade in agricultural produce, and hardly any on financial co-operation. If the Common Market is a success, it will be extended in both these directions. Tariff quotas, internal duties on agricultural produce, will be lowered, perhaps abolished. Politically it will mean that the French peasant will become a fervent adherent of the Common Market, since he will find at last an outlet for his produce. On the other hand the German consumer's first hope is that the Common Market will supply him with French wine at a reasonable price, actually not higher than the price charged in France. It will be only then that the average German will feel that his daily life has changed as a result of the Rome treaty, and that this change was worth while indeed.

As a result of the Pinay reforms, the financial policies of the Six have been aligned, but much bolder and far-reaching steps are still necessary. In the long run, will it be possible to run a closely interwoven Common Market while sticking to

national currencies? It seems to me that the creation of a European dollar, or perhaps a European franc will alone ensure that measure of co-ordination of economic policies, which the situation demands. This looks utopian today; but perhaps in ten years time this dream will come true.

A true confederation cannot remain limited to the economic field, it must also embrace foreign policy and defence. After all, defence is the very heart of every community, the essence of the state. The EDC was killed in 1954 by an adverse vote of the French parliament, and perhaps rightly so, since it was obviously premature, ahead of the times. In the five years which have passed since then, European public opinion has travelled a long way. The growing cost of modern armaments has opened the eyes of even the most reactionary brass-hats. On the edge of the Common Market a growing degree of co-operation between the Six and especially between France and West Germany has been noticeable of late. Franco-German plans for developing joint military transport planes, joint tanks, and so on, are making steady progress. A joint Franco-German ballistic institute has been quietly set up at St Louis in Alsace. German officers and specialists in atomic warfare are being trained at Colomb-Béchar, the great Sahara centre run by the French army. Whenever I questioned German officers why they were getting on so slowly with equipping the Bundeswehr, they invariably replied with a shrug of the shoulders: 'A purely German army will be worthless in any event. It will cost a lot, and it will not impress the Russians in the slightest. They will respect only the Americans—or a European army.'

When the Common Market ends up by uniting the six Countries into a closely knit entity, endowed with its own currency, a strong executive with headquarters in Paris and a joint defence organization, what is going to happen? As I have stated at the beginning of this article, this will be tantamount to the emergence of a new world power: not one of those 'courtesy powers' (as there are courtesy titles), which today are cutting a very poor figure when trying to pretend that they are the equals of the USA and Russia, but a real power to be reckoned with, to be admired, respected but also feared. I don't believe that this newly born European power (which will probably call itself just 'Europe') will bully its neighbours, or England, or Russia. But its power will be so preponderant, its might will be so great that almost without effort it will impose its will, just as the USA did before and after the first war. How can a country like Switzerland, which directs more than fifty per cent. of its

exports to the Common Market resist the need and desire to join that mighty empire? Its railways are at the mercy of the Common Market, since most of the traffic is mere transit; its foreign investments are mainly in France, Germany and Italy; and to retrieve something from its assets overseas Switzerland can only rely on the support of the European giant. The lesson of Mosadek, Soekarno, Nasser, and other would-be dictators who have robbed European investors has not been lost on the minds of the Europeans, and the Swiss and the Swedes are the very last to imagine that without the assistance of the Six they are ever likely to see a penny of the money they have lent to Asia, Africa or South America. Switzerland, Austria, Denmark will probably join the Market as soon as it makes the grade. Yugoslavia will not join it, but the ridiculous pocket-dictator of that poor and backward country will stop giving unsought advice to all and sundry on Berlin, on Algeria, on Indonesia.

The might of Europe will also be felt beyond the boundaries of our small continent. The Middle East is now a no-man's-land. England has practically been forced to withdraw from it, the United States prevent Russia from occupying it, while Russia counteracts all American attempts at stabilizing this region. Will United Europe return there, in much the same way in which France continues to control the affairs of Morocco and Tunisia, despite their show of independence? It seems likely.

But, of course, the great change will occur in the relations between Europe and the Soviet Union. Diplomatically, the Soviets have long memories and are traditionalists. Their diplomacy is very largely based on that of the Tsars. Right up to the Crimean war St Petersburg tried to impose its will on a divided Germany through its dynastic satellite, Prussia. As soon as Germany was united all such attempts were given up by Russia for good. The Tsarist regime always played off France and Germany against each other, and saw its security in their rivalry; and so did the Soviets. Now, when they see that the game is up, the Soviets will hurry to restore East Germany and East Berlin to the German people—in return for some promises of neutralization, if they can get them, in return for nothing at all, if they cannot. For it must be clearly stated: the Russians fear only the USA and to a lesser extent Germany. But a Germany federated with France is for them an antagonist as serious and as deadly as the USA; and when talking about Russia, Tsarist or Soviet, we should never forget the old Russian proverb: 'A hand which you cannot bite, you should reverently kiss!'

W.A.Żbyszewski

THE PRIVATE EYE

R.F.Brissenden

AMONG minor forms of fiction the American thriller, which began its violent career in the 'twenties, is still one of the lustiest and most flourishing. It is also very much a form in its own right, bearing little relation to that polite and bloodless wonder, the English detective story, or even to such realistic studies of crime as Simenon and the young Grahame Green have produced. From the cheapest and gaudiest paperback to the respectably hard-covered novel with quotations from the *Spectator* and *The New York Times* on its chaste dust-jacket, the pattern of the thriller never varies: the scene is an American city; the hero is a private detective—or occasionally a policeman with an independent mind—who is usually as quick with a wisecrack as he is with a gun, and who always has a taste for blondes and an enviable capacity for whisky. In his daily work he seems to meet plenty of both: the whisky is often Scotch, and the blondes are always beautiful and sometimes deadly. In the background there are always the gangsters, with a glossier veneer of respectability than they had in the 'thirties, but still corruptly controlling the administration of the city, and still ready in the last resort to torture and kill those who stand in their way. The action of the story always moves swiftly, and the conclusion is usually the same: the murderer is discovered, the gangsters are exposed, and justice is done. But although the ingredients are unvaried, they can be mixed in different proportions: in the cheapest thrillers, the Mickey Spillane variety, the violence is often sadistic, the sex is deliberately pornographic, and it is difficult to draw any moral distinction between the detective and his enemies. But there are a number of writers who, using the same basic formula, manage to produce novels that offer something more than merely exciting entertainment; works of fiction which beneath their surface melodrama are basically serious and realistic studies of human behaviour.

The best known and the most accomplished practitioner in this field of crime and violence is Raymond Chandler. His first stories, modelled on the style of Dashiell Hammett, were written for pulp magazines; they are better than most stories of this kind, and they are told in a witty and brilliantly economical

manner, but they are of no great literary significance. In 1939, however, Chandler produced his first novel, *The Big Sleep*. There have been six more since: *Farewell, My Lovely* (1940), *The High Window* (1943), *The Lady in the Lake* (1944), *The Little Sister* (1949), *The Long Goodbye* (1953), and *Playback* (1958). Superficially at least these novels follow faithfully the accepted pattern: there are plenty of beautiful women and brutal hoodlums between their covers, and the hero, a tough but quixotic private investigator called Philip Marlowe, is perfectly capable of giving all of them the treatment they deserve. But although Marlowe is as hard-boiled as any other fictional detective, he is much more intelligent, sophisticated and honourable than most. He is ready and able to kick a hard boy in the stomach or climb into bed with a pretty woman—but he also has more than a passing knowledge of the works of Mozart, Capablanca and Proust, and he finds it almost impossible to accept money from a gangster (no matter how respectable) or even to shake his hand. As he says to the racketeer (retired) in his last novel: 'You hired a gun. That puts you out of the class of people I shake hands with.'

The novels in which Marlowe appears are superlatively good thrillers. They are also something more: together they constitute a genuine if minor contribution to the literary achievement of the twentieth century. They are not faultless: there is a certain repetitiveness in theme and situation, and one is occasionally aware of a soft core of sentimentality beneath the hard, bright surface of their style. (This is particularly true of the last novel, *Playback*.) But in general the standard of craftsmanship which they display is remarkably high. There are few novelists who can tell a complicated story so crisply and efficiently as Chandler, or who can present a character with such brief vividness. Moreover he has succeeded in creating an imaginary world of his own which in its own way is as convincing and memorable as Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County or Hardy's Wessex. Whether the Los Angeles in which Philip Marlowe operates is a true representation of the actual city I don't know; the important thing is that it is a world which has its own inner coherence and authenticity. In any case, his picture of the seamier side of Hollywood society certainly looks as real as the glossy photographs in *Life* and *Time* of Micky Costello, the late Bugsy Siegel and their ilk.

But Chandler's presentation of life has more than realism to commend it. It is focussed and controlled; and it bears the distinctive touch of an artist who has not only an interesting and individual personality, but also a vision of life which he

wishes to communicate. Those who would dismiss Raymond Chandler as nothing but a writer of exciting adventure stories are making the same mistake as those who see nothing more in Jane Austen than a writer of romantic comedy. Both writers are brilliant entertainers—but beneath the dazzling surface of their work there is a sub-stratum of un-illusioned commonsense.

Jane Austen is, of course, a greater writer than Raymond Chandler, but there are, nevertheless, some rather intriguing similarities between their work. There is, for instance, an interesting parallel between the development of Chandler's realistic and beautifully finished novels out of the pulp magazine novelette, and the way in which Jane Austen took the sentimental novel of the eighteenth century and transformed it into a fine-edged comedy of manners. The structure of the sentimental novel was thoroughly melodramatic. Difficulties of plot were resolved by providing at regular intervals unsuccessful attempts on the heroine's virtue by the villain and fainting fits and copious floods of tears by the heroine. In the *Black Mask* type of story the rule the writers followed was: 'When in doubt have a man come through a door with a gun in his hand.' As Chandler says, 'this could get to be pretty silly'. By removing the silliness he not only made his novels more artistically satisfying but also brought them back to the basically realistic situation which they were originally trying to represent. In much the same way Jane Austen created good and true art out of the false and second-rate.

It is also worth noting that both Chandler and Jane Austen are witty writers. The manifold Ironies of *Emma* or *Persuasion* are infinitely richer and more complex than anything in Chandler, but the wisecrack is as fundamental an element in his style as the epigram is in Jane Austen's. Philip Marlowe is not merely a tough lad with a flair for the occasional bright comment, he is a man whose whole outlook on life is ironic—and he is ironic because, like Jane Austen's heroines, he has sufficient courage, intelligence and good humour to be honest with himself. In *Emma* the climax in the heroine's life comes when she learns that she must 'understand, thoroughly understand her own heart', her consolation being that no matter how painful this might make the future, 'it would yet find her more rational, more acquainted with herself, and leave her less to regret' than the past. In *The Long Goodbye*, Marlowe justifies his investigation into a murder case—an investigation which caused the murderess to commit suicide—by saying that he 'wanted her to take a good, long quiet look at herself. What

she did about it was her business'. As Marlowe's clients find to their cost this is an attitude which he can't help taking up towards people who deliberately involve him in their affairs.

In a wisecrack, as in many types of wit, humour is aroused because the final form of a statement contradicts what the statement initially seems to imply: the essence of the wisecrack, in other words, is deflation. It can be a very simple form of humour ('She looked almost as hard to get as a hair-cut', 'We looked at each other with the clear innocent eyes of a couple of used car salesmen'); but when it pervades a complete passage, or a whole novel, the overtones can be quite complex. The wisecrack in Chandler is merely the most obvious expression of his general contempt for the sham and the pretentious—especially for the forms of vulgar and extravagant display which they take more obviously in America than anywhere else. A historian, writing of eighteenth century England, has described such behaviour as 'the ritual of conspicuous waste'. It is a ritual by which Chandler is at once fascinated, disgusted and amused. His description of the homes of the Hollywood rich are amongst the most distinctive things in his work. Marlowe's inventory of the sitting-room of Mrs Regan, an oil-heiress, is typical:

'This room was too big, the ceiling was too high, the doors were too tall, and the white carpet that went from wall to wall looked like a fresh fall of snow at Lake Arrowhead. There were full-length mirrors and crystal doodads all over the place. The ivory furniture had chromium on it, and the enormous ivory drapes lay tumbled on the white carpet a yard from the windows. The white made the ivory look dirty and the ivory made the white look bled out.'

The wisecrack is America's answer to the American dream of material success: it suggests all the time that things aren't as impressive as they look—it cuts people down to size. This makes it a natural verbal weapon for a private detective. And Marlowe is good at his job not merely because he is fast with his gun and his fists, but because his courage is based on that rational and intelligent scepticism which finds its verbal form in the wisecrack. He refuses to let himself be verbally brow-beaten, and it takes a lot to ruffle him. There are scenes like the following in all the novels:

'I don't like peepers,' Morny said.

I shrugged.

'I don't like them for a lot of reasons,' he said. 'I don't like them in any way or at any time. I don't like them when they bother my friends. I don't like them when they bust in on my wife.'

I didn't say anything.

'I don't like them when they question my driver or when they get tough with my guests,' he said.

I didn't say anything.

'In short,' he said. 'I just don't like them.'

'I'm beginning to get what you mean,' I said.

He flushed and his eyes glittered. 'On the other hand,' he said, 'just at the moment I might have a use for you. It might pay you to play ball with me. It might be a good idea. It might pay you to keep your nose clean.'

'How much might it pay me?' I asked.

'It might pay you in time and health.'

'I seem to have heard this record somewhere,' I said. 'I just can't put a name to it.'

He laid the letter-opener down and swung open a door in the desk and got a cut-glass decanter out. He poured liquid out of it in a glass and drank it and put the stopper back in the decanter and put the decanter back in the desk.

'In my business,' he said, 'tough boys come a dime a dozen. And would-be tough boys come a nickel a gross. Just mind your business and I'll mind my business and we won't have any trouble.' He lit a cigarette. His hand shook a little.

'Somebody said something about some money,' I said to Morny. 'What's that for? I know what the bawling out is for. That's you trying to make yourself think you can scare me.'

'Talk like that to me,' Morny said, 'and you are liable to be wearing lead buttons on your vest.'

'Just think,' I said. 'Poor old Marlowe with lead buttons on his vest.'

The natural targets for Marlowe's wit are the racketeers and the rich. 'To hell with the rich,' he says in *The Big Sleep*. 'They make me sick.' Like Scott Fitzgerald he knows that the thing that makes the very wealthy different from the rest of us is not simply that they have more money. As Bernie Ohls, a good policeman and a friend of Marlowe's, says, 'There ain't no clean way to make a hundred million bucks. . . . Big money is big power and big power gets used wrong. It's the system.' Chandler sees gangsters and rackets as an expression of the same drive, energy and desire for material success which has made America the greatest capitalist country in the world. As Marlowe says to Ohls:

'We don't have mobs and crime syndicates and goon squads because we have crooked politicians and their stooges in the City Hall and the legislatures. Crime isn't a disease, it's a symptom. Cops are like a doctor that gives you aspirin for a brain tumour, except that the cop would rather cure it with a blackjack. We're a big, rough, rich, wild people and crime is the price we pay for it, and organized crime is the price we pay for organization. We'll have it with us a long time. Organized crime is just the dirty side of the sharp dollar.'

'What's the clean side?'

'I never saw it. Maybe Harlan Potter could tell you. Let's have a drink.'

The racketeers and the rich make up two of the constant elements in Marlowe's world. The third is the police. Chandler's

knowledge of police procedure and organization appears to be both detailed and authentic: he seems to understand the legal intricacies of the position they occupy in relation to the public, and more particularly in relation to a private investigator. He also has an imaginative understanding of the way the police mind works; and of the way in which the police system moulds the men who work in it:

'They had the calm weathered faces of healthy men in hard condition. They had the eyes they always have, cloudy and grey like freezing water. The firm set mouth, the hard little wrinkles at the corners of the eyes, the hard hollow meaningless stare, not quite cruel and a thousand miles from kind. The dull ready-made clothes, worn without style, with a sort of contempt; the look of men who are poor and yet proud of their power, watching always for ways to make it felt, to shove it into you and twist it and grin and watch you squirm, ruthless without malice, cruel and yet not always unkind. What would you expect them to be? Civilization had no meaning for them. All they saw of it was the failures, the dirt, the dregs, the aberrations and the disgust.'

The law, both as a judging and an enforcing body, is a clumsy instrument. It is impersonal, it is at once too powerful and not powerful enough, and even in the most stable communities it can be to a certain extent controlled by powerful social groups. Moreover, it is concerned primarily with legal and not moral issues: the police are interested more in who commits a crime than in why he does it. This is why the private detective—both in fact and in fiction—has been called into existence. His function is to repair the errors the law has committed, or to carry out the tasks which it cannot or will not perform. He operates in the shadowy borderland which lies between legality and morality.

Philip Marlowe, like any other PI, often has to work outside the law to satisfy his clients. But he is at once a very cunning and very honourable operator. He is not afraid of the law—like a good lawyer he knows it and uses it. In every case his aim is to reach a conclusion which will not only look good legally but also be morally satisfying. And although he often acts illegally, he never acts immorally. This can be very embarrassing for his clients. As one might expect many of the people who engage a private detective do so because they are frightened of the police, because they have something to hide. Usually, if they are wealthy, there is some shady connection with the underworld somewhere in their past. And invariably it is this that brings about their undoing. Chandler's moral attitude to this problem is extremely simple: those who touch pitch will be defiled, and the man who believes that money can buy anything and everything is not only morally corrupt but also runs the danger of being sold out.

The private detective, in both the real and the literary world, is the product of a particular social situation. Philip Marlowe and his fictive colleagues are the imaginative answer to the problems this situation poses. In many ways he is an ideal figure: I doubt whether in real life there are any private eyes so painfully honest, so courageously incorruptible as he is. But although he is ideal the situation out of which he has been born is only too real. In modern urban civilization the ordinary man finds himself more and more at the mercy of vast, impersonal forces, both legal and illegal, which he cannot understand, let alone control. The private detective, in his lonely defiance of both the law and the underworld, symbolizes that desire which we all have to be free and independent, to be responsible ultimately to no-one but ourselves for our moral decisions. If the law operated more fairly and efficiently there would be no private detectives. At the end of *The Little Sister* there is a brief exchange between Marlowe and the District Attorney—an honest man:

‘Don’t you think you owe a certain obligation to the law?’

‘I would—if the law was like you.’

He ran his long pale fingers through his tousled black hair.

‘I could make a lot of answers to that,’ he said. ‘They’d all sound the same. The citizen is the law. In this country we haven’t got around to understanding that. We think of the law as an enemy. We’re a nation of cop-haters.’

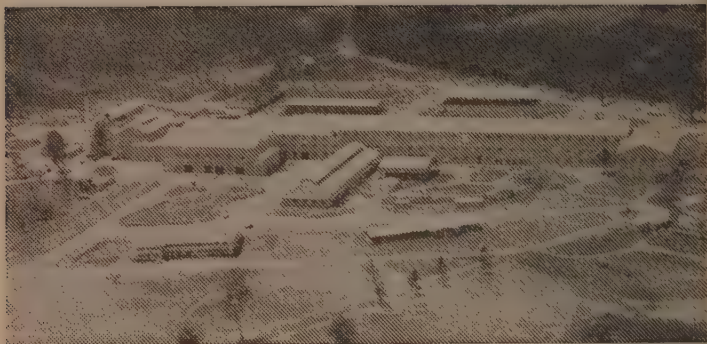
‘It’ll take a lot to change that,’ I said. ‘On both sides.’

Society being what it is the Private Eye is likely to remain a folk-hero for a long time yet.

R.F.Brissenden

One could write a whole book on the myths of modern man, on the cloaked mythologies in the stage-plays he favours and in the books he reads. The cinema, that ‘dream-factory’, uses countless mythical motifs: the fight between the Hero and the Monster, the combats and ordeals of initiation, exemplary figures and images (the Maiden, the Hero, the Paradisal landscape, the Underworld, etc). . . . Whether one ‘kills time’ with a crime-novel, or enters into the alien time-space of a novel, reading carries the modern man outside his personal time, it inserts him into other rhythms, and lets him live inside another ‘history’.

Mircea Eliade, *DAS HEILIGE UND DAS PROFANE* (1957)



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TREASON TRIAL IN SOUTH AFRICA

THE THIRD PHASE

Edward St John

WHILST I was in New Delhi in January last, attending a Congress of the International Commission of Jurists, as one of the two Australian participants, I was asked whether I would attend the Treason Trial in South Africa, which was due to resume on 19 January, 1959, on behalf of 'Justice', which is the British Section of the Commission. The International Commission of Jurists is an international association of lawyers, formed in 1952, and banded together to uphold and strengthen the rule of law and the rights of the individual, in all countries throughout the world. It has previously sent observers to trials in various countries including Yugoslavia, Portugal and South Africa.

Thus it was that on 2 February, 1959, I was ensconced at a table in the special Treason Trial Court in Pretoria, whilst the Trial proceeded into its third phase. The first, before the magistrate, had occupied thirteen long months; the second, before the Judges, had involved a lengthy legal argument concerning the form of the four hundred and six page indictment which had ended in its sudden and surprising withdrawal by the prosecution. And now, with the number of accused reduced to thirty, on a new indictment running to a mere fourteen pages, the Trial was settling down to another phase, which would traverse many months of slow time, unless it too should be brought to a sharp conclusion by a quashing or withdrawal of the indictment. For once again, the proceedings were opening with a protracted argument concerning the form of the new indictment.

Clad in crimson robes, with black scarves draped diagonally across them, the three Judges were an impressive sight as I first met them, in Chambers, some minutes before the Trial opened. We had a few cordial, but hurried words before I left the room to allow the Judges to proceed into Court. The Presiding Judge, Mr Justice Rumpff, had a quizzical remark with which to send me on my way, which I think I may repeat. 'You may find things a little boring here, you know,' he said. 'Perhaps when it is over, you might go on to Havana!' The remark, of course, betokened the pride which South Africans rightly feel in their high tradition of judicial conduct, as well as a hint

that the Commission might perhaps do better to turn its attention elsewhere! But South Africa is one of our own family, as it were, and naturally attracts the special interest of other Commonwealth countries.

Nothing daunted, but with the memory of Mr Justice Rumpff's Parthian shot to add piquancy to my observations, I returned to the Court room under the friendly wing of Mr Israel Maisels, Q.C., leading defence Counsel, of the Johannesburg Bar, who had introduced me to the Judges. I had already met many of the fourteen counsel engaged in the case, including Mr Oswald Pirow, Q.C., leading counsel for the prosecution, all robed in the same manner as Australian counsel, except that wigs are not worn. The thirty accused sat on long benches behind the members of the Bar. They have been on bail since 19 December, 1956, and include two Europeans, in addition to the Africans, Indians and coloureds, who comprise the majority.

The Trial bears hardly on these people, and the other sixty who have been told that a separate indictment will be preferred against them at a later stage, all of whom must, according to the law of South Africa (as of our own), be regarded as innocent unless and until the prosecution can prove them guilty. Meantime, with their lives completely disrupted by these protracted proceedings, they and the members of their families must live, and the legal costs of defence must continue to be met, if they are to receive the fair trial which is their due. Up to the present, heavy expenses thus necessarily entailed have been borne by The Treason Trial Defence Fund, of which the Right Reverend Ambrose Reeves, Anglican Bishop of Johannesburg, is the Chairman.

The subject matter of the Trial is really the history of South African politics in recent years—not so much the politics of the electorate, but rather the politics of the voteless people, the natives, Indians and coloureds, and the few Europeans who were in sympathy with them.

The prosecution now pins its case on an allegation of a conspiracy between the accused and others, in the words of the indictment, 'to subvert and overthrow the State by violence, and to substitute a Communist State or some other State'. The Crown can tender no direct evidence of the alleged conspiracy, but relies for its proof on a massive accumulation of circumstantial evidence concerning the activities of the various political groups of which the accused were members, consisting of 4954 documents, and evidence running into some eight thousand pages of transcript concerning 1742 speeches and 486 separate

meetings of the bodies concerned. The prosecution concedes that the declared policy of these organizations was one of non-violence; no single act of violence in furtherance of the conspiracy is alleged against the accused. Nonetheless it will undertake to prove beyond a reasonable doubt, by way of inference from the evidence mentioned, that the accused, despite the declared policy of non-violence, were really parties to a conspiracy which was committed to the violent overthrow of the State. It is not for me to express any opinion on the merits, but it is obvious that the prosecution has undertaken a task of some difficulty and magnitude. The case is being heard before the three Judges, sitting without a jury. Jury trial is rarely employed in South Africa, for reasons springing from the racial composition of the population.

To all outward appearances, the trial is very well conducted, in a manner similar to that of our own Courts. The accused are very well represented by a team which includes many of the very ablest men at the Johannesburg Bar. The Judges were uniformly courteous and gave a patient hearing to counsel on both sides. During my attendance there, various defence objections to the indictment were being argued. Latest reports since my return indicate that this long drawn out Trial is now about to enter a fourth phase, for the Judges' decision on the defence objections to the indictment has now been given, and that decision is being taken on appeal to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. Meantime, pending the appeal, the Trial itself has been further adjourned, to 18 May, 1959. Up to this stage, the accused have not been arraigned, and not one word of evidence has been taken before the Judges. In their decision, from which the appeal has now been taken, the Judges rejected the application to quash the whole indictment, but upheld in part the application for further particulars, which had been opposed by the prosecution. The Judges also gave leave to the prosecution to make certain amendments to the indictment for which it had applied during the course of argument. It is expected that the appeal will be heard in May, but the result may not be known when this goes to press.

It would not be right for me to express any opinion as to the likelihood of conviction or acquittal, but I think it is proper for me to make this obvious comment—that the Trial is a symptom of the illness from which the Country is suffering, and the solution of the issues committed to the Judges at the Trial will obviously not furnish a solution to the problems facing the country. That is a view with which my friends of the

prosecution will agree, as well as my friends of the defence. I did make friends on many sides, even though I did not agree with all their opinions. South Africans, so it seems to me, want our friendship, and even our comments, provided that they are informed by knowledge of the situation as a whole, and sympathetic understanding of their problems, even if it must be coupled with disapproval of their proposed solutions. The country is going through an agonizing appraisal of a problem which is becoming more and more acute: how Europeans are to live together with Africans and Asians who are no longer content to accept anything less than complete equality. The problem is not confined to South Africa: it agitates Central and East Africa, the Belgian Congo and French Africa and spills over into increasing violence. Australians with the future of a multi-racial society in New Guinea in mind should not remain unconcerned. At the moment everyone is agreed on one thing only, and that is that things cannot continue as they are now. Let us hope that a solution will be found before it is too late.

To say what needs to be said concerning the South African policy of *apartheid* would go beyond the scope of this article. To my mind, it is a policy which stems from fear, and a refusal to face the inescapable facts of today. It is a kind of wishful thinking harsh, and sometimes hideous, in its working, dangerous in its probable consequences. I cannot help feeling that what is wanted is a revolution—not a bloody revolution, which would be terrible to contemplate—but rather a revolution of ideas, involving a complete change of attitude to the whole problem, including a recognition of the white man's dependence on the black, and, not less, the black man's dependence on the white. Such a development will not come easily. Pessimists will say it cannot come at all, but I saw some signs of such a revolution, which encouraged me to nourish some hopes that a solution can yet be found. The problem is primarily a moral problem, and is capable only of a moral solution. For that reason, it is impossible to go to the heart of the matter without using the language of the moralist, or the preacher. The solution, in my opinion, must be found through faith, rather than fear, and it must be based on love, rather than hatred.

Edward St John



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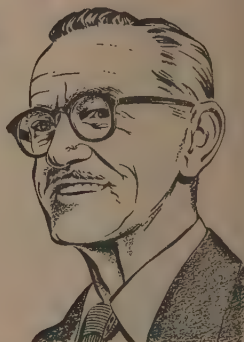
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EXOTICS OF SEVERAL KINDS

Leonie Kramer

THROUGHOUT ITS history the English novel has been subjected, at various times, to foreign influences, and English novelists have been attracted as much by the outlandish and strange as by the domestic and familiar. That this has remained true in the present century is demonstrated by the work of such writers as Forster, D.H. Lawrence and Joyce Cary, all of whom have sought themes and characters outside their native tradition. At the present time there is, however, an increasing number of novels appearing in translation, or written by foreign authors in English, which can be expected to exert some influence on English writers.

The English novel's debt to France is a heavy one, and it is interesting to speculate how far it is likely to be increased by the work of Albert Camus, whose *Exile and the Kingdom* (Hamish Hamilton) has recently appeared in translation. These six long short stories display brilliantly and convincingly Camus's power as a teller of fables, a myth-maker, a writer whose exploration of character takes him beyond character itself to a world of values which his heroes and heroines seek, often with that insane devotion which is the chief possession of the protagonists in some of D.H. Lawrence's stories. Indeed, these two writers have much in common—a taste for the exotic, the primitive and the violent, and a talent for describing the moment of illumination that can make the improbable not only acceptable, but also significant. Camus's characters in these stories are all, in their different ways, exiles, seeking a passport to that moral kingdom in which are to be found fulfilment and self-knowledge. They are isolated not only from their fellow-men, but also from themselves and their potentialities, and Camus imbues them with a pessimism which is scarcely relieved by their awareness of permanent moral values.

By contrast Henry de Montherlant has evoked in *Desert Love* (Elek Books), a world devoid of moral direction, and has created a hero who, like so many modern heroes, can hardly bear the weight of pathos, let alone tragedy. It is the story of a young soldier's love affair with an Arab girl of fourteen, told with a gourmet's enthusiasm for the refinements of love-making, and barely rescued from overpowering clamminess by the introduction of a cynical love-sated Casanova, doomed to the pursuit of women whose merits and defects he pedantically records in a special notebook. Yet here too is a sense of separation and estrangement, of man from woman, and of the European from the Arab. Montherlant's exile is a man lost in the desert of his own sensuality, as shifting and featureless as the Algerian sands in which he plays out his purposeless role.

In his latest novel *The Guide* (Methuen) the Indian writer R.K. Narayan takes as his central character a man who, like Montherlant's Auligny, is adrift in a world over which he has no control, but who wanders into moral awareness in spite of himself. Raju has been a tourist guide, and on his release from a term of imprisonment, he is gratuitously offered the role of saint by the inhabitants of an Indian village merely because he sits down on some steps beside an ancient shrine to think out his future. Raju's past is unfolded by a series of flash-back scenes, but the real interest of the book is in his gradual, and at first entirely selfish acceptance of the saint's task, until finally the sheer weight of the legend that has been constructed around him, forces him into disinterested piety. Like Camus's characters, Raju comes into his kingdom, and paradoxically, his moral weakness makes possible his transformation. An

improbable tale, perhaps, but one that is made entirely acceptable by the author's subtle irony and by the god-possessioned landscape of India, which, as E.M.Forster saw, can provoke both moral disintegration and saintly vision.

In spite of the lavish praise for the translation of Juan Ramon Jimenez' series of meditations *Platero and I* (Nelson) I suspect that English readers are at a disadvantage in trying to make contact with this book. A man who holds reflective conversations with his donkey in English is apt to seem at best unduly whimsical, even precious; and unfortunately this impression can override the more subtle effects of the reflections. These little pieces are nearer to poetry than prose, and taken together they have the shape of a sequence of poetic meditations, in which the influence of Marcus Aurelius is more than once suggested. Only by looking below the surface of the English can we reach the real substance of these sketches, and this is neither precious nor sentimental. Jimenez presents contrasting visions of beauty and misery, growth and decay, humour and tragedy.

These four books spring from moral and philosophical roots, and are remarkable for their independence of the social and political obsessions of so many modern writers. But in *Tale of a Whistling Shrimp* (Hutchinson) by Vladimir Griniov, the reader is plunged into the black and white world of political satire. Here are no subtleties, no fine distinctions. Here the exiles are not in search of a soul, but at the bottom of a salt-mine. Mr Griniov writes a boisterously comic account of the shortcomings of Communism, in which character is sacrificed on the altar of propaganda. There is entertainment enough in the antics of the Soviet puppets, but unfortunately if Mr Griniov proves anything it is *ars longa, satira brevis est*. He refers briefly to the liberalizing effect of Stalin's death and Beria's fall on the Soviet system, and reference gives a jolt to the foundations of his satire. He knows how to 'call rogue and villain, and that wittily'; but the fine stroke that 'separates the head from the body, and leaves it standing in its place', he is not equipped to execute. Oddly enough this book seems the least exotic of the five, because it is so clearly a product of Western political ideology.

If the other four books appear exotic when set against modern English literature, it is not because they exploit foreign settings and characters. Camus isolates his characters in a strange environment in order to force their moral dilemmas into prominence. Narayan writes with distinction about Indian life, but only as a background for the spiritual progress of Raju. Montherlant might be accused of exploiting the North African scene for its exotic appeal, were it not for the fact that *Desert Love* is merely an extract from his novel on the colonial question, *La Rose de Sable*. These three writers are distinguished by their unfashionable disregard for literary tricks, and by their emphasis on the permanent moral issues that confront human beings; but in particular it is their detachment from social questions and the stratifications of society that sets their books apart from what has been the main tradition of the English novel. It would be unwise, however, to obscure the differences between them by any generalization. Camus and Narayan set an example which might well be followed by those English novelists who, like E.M.Forster, have found difficulty in interpreting a rapidly changing social structure. Meditation of the sort practised by Jimenez is not, I think to English taste, at least in prose, and is unlikely to be imitated. Griniov and Montherlant are activated by somewhat suspect literary motives. The former has nicely calculated the market price of cold war literature; and the latter, in extracting for an English audience the love story from his novel on racial problems, has led at least one reader to suspect that he is well aware of the commercial value of Gallic naughtiness.

Leonie Kramer

RUSSEL WARD:

The Australian Legend

Oxford University Press, London. 45s. od.

Mr Ward's subject is not the Australian character but the national mystique, and how this image was formed.

He claims that the qualities attributed to the pastoral workers in the last century have been accepted as typically Australian. The pastoral workers' attitudes originated in the convicts' code of mateship and hatred of authority, combined with the determination of the currency lads and Irish to build a nation in England's despite. The bushranger embodies the attitude in symbolic form. He represents the most complete adaptation to the conditions of the country.

The development of this distinctive Australian ethos was largely unconscious. Improved communications and widespread education spelled the end of isolated bush life but at the same time there was a heightened consciousness of it which found expression in such magazines as *The Bulletin*, and *The Lone Hand*, and in such writers as Lawson, Furphy and Paterson. The bushman died to become the idealized culture hero of the twentieth century.

Mr Ward emphasizes the importance of the convict influence and states that those who came during the gold rushes adapted themselves to the society rather than change it. He documents the bushfire speed of the spread of unionism and points out that it differed from overseas unionism in that it centred on pastoral and not industrial workers.

The value of the book does not, however, lie in the originality of the thesis or observations but in the ordered and balanced presentation. It is a satisfying piece of historical writing and has a definitive air. The last chapter is excellent. It places the idealization of the bushman in a

wider context, that of the eighteenth century glorification of the noble savage and the nineteenth century glorification of the noble frontiersman. On the noble frontiersman's three aspects Mr Ward deserves quotation: 'he provided for the Romantic imagination, first, a symbol of escape from the drabness of urban, industrial civilization, second, a symbol of compensation and justification for the evils incidental to the process of expanding imperialism, and third, a symbol for the polarization, particularly in "new" countries like Australia and America, of patriotic nationalist sentiment.'

Mr Ward deplores the 'racism' which is a component of the legend, but in true conservative style says we must build up our tradition. The slide from legend to tradition here is revealing. He has refrained from commenting on the adequacy of a nineteenth century frontiersman-image to twentieth century city life and problems. The nomad tribe is resistant to criticism and values other than those ensuring the survival of the tribe. To accept their ethos does not give us sufficiently high aspirations to make us an interesting people. We pride ourselves on our independence, freedom and individuality; yet I fear we are a complacent, conservative, conformist lot.

What is the relevance of this dream-image to the Bentleigh or Chatswood clerk? Well I'm sure the outback was never more solitary and lonely than our suburbs, but there must be certain tensions if one tries to accept the myth. Is our clerk mates, absolutely equal, with his fellow-citizens of Pott's Point and Redfern, of Toorak and Richmond? Moreover, while the suburban cabbage-patch fails to provide the same challenge as the outback, it also effectively prevents us having a city life. It would have been interesting, although outside Russel

Ward's aim, to have shown the inadequacy of the myth to the changed conditions, to have revealed the contradictions of our suburban life and our remarkable ability to remain self-satisfied about it. Stringybark and greenhide are adequate in the bush but they make ramshackle cities.

Desmond O'Grady

RAYMOND L. GARTHOFF:
Soviet Strategy in the Nuclear Age
Atlantic Books. London. 25s. od.

The author of this book is the most important American expert in the field of Soviet strategic study. The writing under review is based on a huge mass of Soviet military writings, some openly available and others secret, as well as research carried out in the USSR. Each chapter is fully supplied with detailed references: and the book concludes with a useful guide to the source materials and appreciation of their value.

Apart from a mass of factual detail about the organization of the Soviet Army, Navy and Air Force, Dr Garthoff gives a valuable account of the *doctrine* upon which Soviet strategy is based, showing the radical revision it has undergone since the Stalin era of post-war stagnation. Points of especial interest are 1) the impact of *ideology* upon the Soviet appreciation, both of the lessons of World War II and of the present situation and its dangers; 2) the persistence of the view that the aim of war is a *military victory* over the enemy's armed forces: and that in this the nuclear weapon of annihilation is essentially auxiliary. The decisive result still depends upon the soldier on the battlefield.

With the achievement of a nuclear 'balance of power', the Soviet authorities are more than ever convinced that the result of a world conflict will depend upon the maintenance of conventional forces and trained manpower in large quantities; and that these forces are an invaluable

adjunct to the strategy of the Cold War, in dealing with an enemy who has come to depend increasingly on 'suicide weapons' which he dare not use, while neglecting the conventional strength needed to meet particular challenges.

While the Russians appreciate the military and nuclear strengths of the United States, they believe that the military strategy of the Americans is based on an inadequate appreciation of their own strength: and that the political and social structure of the USA is essentially incompatible with either the efficiency in planning or the martial morale required for maintaining a prolonged struggle successfully. They are also convinced, of course, of the 'aggressiveness' of the American Government's aims, and of the danger of its 'adventurism'—of which the Korean War is regarded as an instance.

The general view of Soviet authority is that 'limited nuclear war' is a bourgeois illusion, and that the use of 'tactical weapons' would lead inevitably to full-scale nuclear destruction. This opinion appears to be partly related to the 'all-out' propaganda of the Communists for the prohibition of nuclear weapons: and to the fact that a war of this kind would relatively favour the West: while in a major *conventional* war they count on all-out victory in Europe and Asia to start with, and at least a truce, which would be the prelude to a total world victory through the internal breakdown of the isolated American system. In practice, however, the Soviet strategists have been obliged to make concessions, by admitting the probability, or certainty, of the introduction of tactical nuclear weapons with service armaments. Similarly, while the Russians insist theoretically that wars cannot be 'localized' today, but tend to become worldwide, the possibility of local wars, to be waged directly or by 'proxy', is envisaged by their strategists: and they have

everything to gain from 'localizing' conflict, even if it becomes nuclear.

The Army, though without its former dominance, remains the major component of the Soviet armed forces in the thermonuclear era: the destructiveness of nuclear weapons has served to heighten Russian emphasis on the need for reserves, and of mobile, self-sufficient units trained and equipped for independent activities of varied kinds. One of the difficulties about this is the character of the Soviet system and ideology, which are not calculated to prepare men for independent initiatives. There are signs, too, that the military doctrine of 'defence by attack', which envisages war on the enemy's territory in Europe and the Middle East is endangered by the *defensive* outlook of Russian 'military comrades' whose thinking is overshadowed by the heroic tradition of the wars against Bonaparte and Hitler.

Air power, in Soviet thinking is essentially an auxiliary weapon to the other armed forces, though a vital one, especially for 'nuclear strikes' to destroy the enemy's nuclear delivery capabilities in a general war, and for the destruction of the enemy's economy and population. Air defence—including fighter aviation—is given very great importance.

Traditionally, Russian sea power has been concerned with the defence of the Baltic, Arctic, Black Sea and Far Eastern Siberian coastal areas, and a grand oceanic strategy has played no part in war calculations. So far as the *surface fleet* is concerned, this design still prevails—hence, among other things, the absence of major surface vessels and aircraft carriers. In case of war, action on these four sea 'fronts' would probably be limited, though the Soviet Army's advance on the mainland of Europe would be accompanied by moves to take over Baltic bases. The oceanic war would be conducted mainly by

long-range submarines, of which the USSR has a very large number, operating against western naval forces and vital supply lines.

In the chapter on missiles, Dr Garthoff discusses the importance of ballistic rockets, both as 'weapons of deterrence' and a means of striking at inter-Continental targets—in particular, in the heart of the United States. He concludes that despite Khrushchev's boast, rocket missiles cannot replace bomber aviation. In the long run, the Soviet experts, who do not hold Khrushchev's view, believe that a defence against ICBM will be found—but at present, the most effective one is to destroy their storage places, or to 'get them' in transport or on launching platforms. The services have each been assigned missiles: but the Long Range Missile force seems likely to become an autonomous command under the Defence Ministry—its primary mission 'deterrence' and pressure short of war.

In conclusion, our author attempts a forecast of Soviet strategy in 1970 or after—that is, when the development of the new missile and nuclear weapons has been completed. He points out that the shifts in the balance of power in Europe, Asia and Africa will have a great effect on the emphasis of planning and the establishment of force levels: but certain factors will remain the same whether the Communist world has suffered political reverses or gained advantages or the balance remains substantially unchanged.

The High Command will be 'technologically acute' men of a new generation. ICBM will have been enormously advanced, and submarine-launched nuclear missiles will become a menace to the United States. The mapping of the ocean floor will be of importance in fixing locations for ballistic missiles—even, perhaps, permanently manned under-sea stations. The 'Sputniks' will have been utilized for mapping the whole

globe for ICBM target purposes: and we may expect 'space-platforms' in new satellites or, possibly, in the moon, for launching ballistic rockets at terrestrial targets.

Armies will be highly mobile, being fully mechanized and 'air-bornized': armed with rockets and nuclear weapons. Our writer envisages *subterranean* as well as air movement. The Soviets would expect to move so swiftly that they would be able to *conquer*, rather than pulverize, all Eurasia and Africa. The problem of America will be tackled by giant transport submarines for invasion as well as aircraft and long range nuclear strikes. The means of 'civil defence' will have been sought by the extensive decentralization of the economic system, which has already begun, as well as by way of new missile-interception devices such as small artificial meteorites.

These anticipations—soberly made in a highly technical handbook based on exact research—bring us into a nightmare world of anticipated horrors which surpass many of the Apocalyptic Visions of our ancestors. For the rest, Dr Garthoff's book, with its clear-cut factual detail, and its large and precise appreciation of the strategic designs of the latest of the aspirants to world domination, should be invaluable to the intelligent man and especially the politician—who wishes to achieve a realistic understanding of the facts of power and the thoughts of those who wield it.

D.G.M. Jackson

KATHLEEN FITZPATRICK:

Australian Explorers, A Selection from Their Writings

Oxford University Press. 14s. od.

The best, and perhaps the intended, way of regarding Kathleen Fitzpatrick's compilation is as an introduction to the saga of exploration in Australia.

As an introduction, it succeeds admirably.

The subject is so many-sided and the personalities whose exploits comprise it are so various, that to hope for more than an accidental unity of theme in an anthology which represents the mundane and the dramatic in haphazard succession without the intervention of literary artifice, would be to pine for the impossible.

Mrs Fitzpatrick's extracts have no organic relation to each other. Nor do they regenerate for us, intrinsically or by contrived juxtaposition, the élan which the departure of each new expedition seems always to have evoked at the time. But they are capable, as it were, of being brought into harmonious focus by anyone whose historical imagination and response to the beauty and challenge of the natural world have survived the clamorous tyranny of urban syntheticism.

To this purpose, Mrs Fitzpatrick provides what is, in general, an adequate though not a powerful telescope in the shape of an introductory essay, short biographical notices of the various explorers and a map.

Her introductory essay is a careful and at times a movingly perceptive description of the slow and courageous process by which minute human resources sufficed to force open the secrets of a forbiddingly vast and inconceivably ancient continent. Her narrative of the gradual penetration inland from the eastern seaboard and from South Australia, moves quietly and systematically till the last thread is fixed in the interlacing pattern of separate exploring journeys. But for some readers, there will be disappointment in her failure to attempt more than merely rudimentary appraisals of the personalities of the explorers themselves.

Her summaries of character and motive neither add to nor suggest anything beyond what is already common and unsatisfying knowledge. Thus we are told: 'Mitchell was very ambitious and appears to have been

more than a little jealous of his fellow explorers Sturt and Leichhardt.' According to Mrs N.G.Sturt's excellent biography of her father-in-law (which Mrs Fitzpatrick does not mention) Mitchell's jealousy was real beyond a doubt: and Mrs Fitzpatrick would have bored no-one had she delved, with however little hope of final certainty, into the psychological depths represented on the surface by Mitchell's hostility and Sturt's and Leichhardt's scrupulous fairness.

Both in her choice of extracts and in her introduction to them, Mrs Fitzpatrick successfully conveys the spirit of understanding and even of admiration which governed the explorers' first contacts with the Australian natives; and we are left with a distinct impression that the explorers owed their success in endurance to the firmness with which, as private individuals, they lived by precepts of moral responsibility which are substantially those which Dr Arnold so successfully brought into prominence in his generation.

This most telling aspect of things Mrs Fitzpatrick passes by. Explorers, she suggests, suffer a 'passion' for exploration eventually as inexplicable as the 'passion which one human being feels for another'. This seems only a partial truth, and to take no account of the faith and sense of duty which gave constancy and deliberative purpose to the first passionate impulse to conquer the unknown.

Allowing for the differences of temperament between them, the explorers in Mrs Fitzpatrick's anthology appear, without exception, to have been deeply religious men. Not necessarily in any strictly orthodox way, but as men who, in the infinity of loneliness in unknown and awful surroundings, had found, like Sturt, that, *in extremis*: 'Man needs no human mediator between him and the Almighty.'

Although all the major journals

from which Mrs Fitzpatrick draws her material were carefully worked over before publication, the calm, even in moments of dramatic danger, which suffuses them, is not a cunningly imported artifact. It is within the characters of these men and suggests a profounder strength than any merely psychological stability produced by the indulgence of a pre-existing 'passion' for exploration.

This was the calm after which Wilberforce sought, and which drew the first James Stephen into the charmed circle which Wilberforce and Henry Thornton created at Battersea Rise. The calm which, in after generations, failed to hold Leslie Stephen, and, in its failure, left him to consume the better part of a great personality in introspective misery and extrovert mountaineering. The same calm again, which failed his daughter Virginia, even to destruction.

But in these men it succeeded. It suited and sustained them. They were not the 'finished and finite clods untroubled by a spark', despised of Browning. Equally, they were not the rare kind whose destiny is to exceed or be broken by the confines of their time, the kind to which Gladstone professed himself so much inferior even while working against them. They were men in whom confidence and humility both sprang from faith in a power outside themselves. Probably not one of them, even Leichhardt, but would have said with Sturt: 'I have felt the comfort of prayer; and in many a scene of danger, of difficulty, of sorrow, have risen from my knees calm and confident.'

To share the experiences and aspirations of such men is not easy for the children of our superbly destructive age. But, by a patient effort, the clouds of easy ridicule can be dispersed and retaining our own balance, needing neither like Virginia Woolf, to destroy ourselves,

nor like Lytton Strachey, to destroy what disquiets us, we shall see amongst these men, dimensions of heroism comparable to those which have moved men's hearts since Virgil first showed that the bravery which Homer knew, if touched by high seriousness of purpose, becomes infinitely creative.

Marlay Stephen

PAUL VALÉRY:

The Art of Poetry

Routledge & Kegan Paul. London. 49s. 9d.

This is the seventh volume of the Collected Works of Paul Valéry in English translation. It contains an introduction by T.S.Eliot. Although the place occupied by Valéry and T.S.Eliot in French and English Literatures respectively is rather similar, the two poets are actually worlds apart.

After making some very close observations on the French writer, T.S.Eliot says: 'The one complaint which I am tempted to lodge against Valéry's poetics, is that it provides us with no criterion of *seriousness*.'

Of course. For, unlike T.S.Eliot, Valéry has no metaphysics whatsoever. He hated metaphysics and had a pessimistic outlook on the seriousness of life, of history and of himself. He tried to kill the 'cockatoos', as he called those too-magnificent words: *God, Liberty, Soul* and finally *Poetry*, very vague notions in our modern world. 'Fire!' Valéry used to say when somebody dropped one of these words in a *serious* conversation. These multi-coloured words are too vague—like 'free verse': we have to limit their meaning in order to understand what is hidden behind. *Le démon de la précision*: this is the key of Valéry's *Art of Poetry*. He tries to understand, as a maker of poetry, what Poetry is, what a poet is. How to make (*poëin*), how to have the power to make good poetry: 'The only gauge of real knowledge is power: power to do or power to predict. All the rest is Literature.'

Again: '... all the sciences whose only assets are that they say are "virtually" depreciated by the development of those sciences whose results are continually felt and used.'

And Valéry did in fact write good poetry by continuous researches into its effects on the reader. In the time of Romanticism, the poet under inspiration was writing poetry, good or bad, and the reader was trying to find again, through poetry, the inspiration of the poet. In symbolist poetry, and particularly in Valéry, who belongs to the classic side of symbolism, in the *lignée* of Mallarmé, the effect was to develop inspiration or vision in the reader. The poem belongs to him. The poet is a sort of mechanic busy in finding the right position of rhythms and words. (*On fait de la poésie avec des mots*, said Mallarmé to Degas.) Every sort of inspiration is suspect. If prose is a walk with a definite purpose, poetry is a dance, but it is *for the reader* to dance, not for the poet (in a dance hall, musicians are not dancing). Diderot was the first to elaborate the early lines of this theory when he said the actor has to play the right part without any feelings. It is for the spectator to be moved.

The poet spends weeks, months, perhaps years in making a poem. And you read this poem in one hour, perhaps in a few concentrated minutes. You are overwhelmed by the forces of the poem. *You* are the poet now. Therefore the importance of the language is supreme. The poet has to create his own language distinct from the prose of everyday life: 'Nothing is more complex or more difficult to disentangle than the strange combination of qualities found in language . . . it is from this that he [the poet] must draw his *objet d'art*, his machine for producing the poetic emotion, which means that he must compel the practical instrument, the clumsy instrument created by everyone, the everyday instrument used for im-

mediate needs and constantly modified by the living, to become—for the duration that his attention assigns to the poem—the substance of chosen emotive state, quite distinct from all the accidental states of unforeseen duration which make up the ordinary sensitive or psychic life.'

In brief, the reader tries to attain a sort of poetic state through an impeccable form, an art of the language and of the verse driven to the extreme limits. A complete liberation of the poetic form is too often the ruin of all poetry, except in very few cases. But here we are outside the scope of Valéry's art.

A.H.Denat

RUSSELL BRADDON:

End of a Hate

Cassell. London. 195. 9d.

This book is a sequel to *The Naked Island*, and continues the author's autobiography through the post-war period, beginning with the time of his release from prison camp after the Japanese surrender.

The story of the reactions of the ex-POWs to the 'new order' and their attempts to organize their rehabilitation is told with the cheerful irony and good humour which is the mark of Mr Braddon's work: he may hate wholeheartedly, but he is never sour. He tells joyfully about how he and his friends sabotaged official arrangements for their disciplined well-being, and proceeded to mess up their own future. He himself went to Sydney to take a law degree, and failed: but he did a lot of other things, such as annexing a spaniel and a motor-bike. Then, after a breakdown, he became a travelling lecturer, dedicated especially to the cause of warning all and sundry in Britain, Europe, South Africa and his own country that the Japanese threat still remained.

Mr Braddon became passionately enamoured of the British and their

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eccentricities; and, as the bitter scars of the prison camp gradually healed, he lost something of his personal hate of the Japanese. It is obvious from the account of his revised views, however, that he is still the victim of a one-sided obsession about Japanese culture: not that what he sees is *untrue*, but that it fills an inordinate space in his mind to the exclusion of other vital elements in the new situation.

When Mr Braddon blames the Americans for leaving their work of 'democratizing' re-education incomplete in Japan, he apparently fails to realize the inherent defects which doomed the MacArthur era plans to failure. For nations cannot give what they have not got: and the USA had neither the crusading faith of the Spanish Conquistadors, nor the dogmatic, militant ideology of the Communists to offer to the subdued Japanese. All the American 'educators' could do was to preach a democratic liberation which in most

cases amounted to a negation of the traditional moral discipline and way of thought of the Japanese, as well as of the more modern militaristic mysticism imposed since the MEUI era. The effect—in Japan as in other parts of Asia—was to promote confusion and moral disintegration: and the 'house swept and garnished' too often afforded an easy entry to the dogmatic totalitarian demons of the Left. Hence the dangerous situation of Japan today, in which liberal and Christian-cultural influences which are all too feeble are threatened by a reversion to the older tyrannical nationalism on one side, and on the other the Red revolution working on proletarians and peasants whose standards and way of life are in dissolution.

The further extension of the MacArthur experiment and longer persistence in the attempt to 'democratize' Japan would not have changed the situation: it has arisen from the nature of the secular Western culture

FIRST YEARS AT PORT PHILLIP

R. D. Boys

This valuable and highly interesting work has been out of print for many years and the new (second) edition will be welcomed by all interested in early Australian history. A record of events taken directly from original documents, it brings to life the exploration, settlement and development of Victoria from 1768 to 1842. The new edition is illustrated from prints and paintings of the period.

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of our time. Mr Braddon's idea that things would be better if the Americans came to terms with Red China, and encouraged the Japanese to develop an economic partnership with their neighbours, serves to illustrate another consequence of his obsession with a single facet of Japanese culture—namely, a gross under-estimation of the Communist threat, and misunderstanding of its nature. Strangely enough, he seems to be all in favour of permitting the Japanese to migrate freely—in particular, to New Guinea: he has been impressed by their successful absorption and transformation in Hawaii. Mr Braddon is quite correct in his appreciation of the past betrayal by the Japanese conquest in the raising of the East Asian world against the West—in that sense, they have 'won' by overthrowing Colonialism. But the thing was a matter of hastening an inevitable process rather than anything else: for, long before Pearl Harbour, the British Raj was obviously on the way out in India: and it was not likely to survive elsewhere, once India had gone.

That Japan remains a potential menace is true, and, no doubt, the undesirable features of her culture have survived. But the Americans have a clearer view of the essential situation than Mr Braddon or most of the British: they realize that the chief political danger is that she may be transformed into the industrial and maritime right hand of the new giant Communist power centred in Peking. In so far as her racial pride and exclusiveness serve to check the plans of the Peking Reds to draw her into partnership, they serve the purpose of the free world, however repugnant they may be in themselves.

Mr Braddon has added to his book a short story, *Song of War*, which is far more effective than his somewhat ill-balanced and emotional reflections on international affairs. His talent for the vivid description of places,

characters and dramatic incident is displayed here at its best, and the climax, illustrating the essential brotherhood of man and the futility of war, is stark in its deep, tragic sense of life.

D.G.M. Jackson

G.SHEPPERSON and T.PRICE:

Independent African

Edinburgh University Press. 72s. od.

In January 1915 the Reverend John Chilembe, a separatist religious leader, led a rising in Nyasaland. Among other casualties, an estate manager, W.J.Livingstone, of the same clan as David Livingstone, was killed. Chilembe held his Sunday morning service with Livingstone's severed head stuck on a pole in his church. Yet women and children were not molested but taken into protective custody by the rebels. The rising was put down by troops and many of the Africans concerned were shot or hanged. Chilembe himself was killed while escaping.

The authors of this historical study have made this a fascinating and important book by going fully into the background of the rising. What is happening in Nyasaland today will be much better understood after reading *Independent African*.

One interesting part of the book is the part played in Nyasaland by a missionary from Australia, Joseph Booth, who passed from being an irregular Baptist, through a Seventh Day Adventist phase, then through adherence to the Watch Tower Movement, to eventual isolation. Chilembe was his first convert and received through his help an education at a Negro theological college in the United States.

Among other things, the book demonstrates the quite appalling confusion that can be caused in primitive populations by a multiplicity of missionary sects, and also the way in which secular political strivings find expressions through dissident religious movements. Yet

the typical attempt of governmental and settler opinion in Nyasaland to blame everything on the missionaries ignored the fundamental part played by discontent over land, taxes, racial discrimination and frustrated economic ambition.

To this day many Africans believe that Chilembe is not dead; that he will 'come again'. In a sense, it seems that he has come again.

James McAuley

JEREMY WARBURG (editor):

The Industrial Muse

Oxford University Press. 25s. od.

CHRISTOPHER ADAMS (editor):

The Worst English Poets

Wingate. London. 10s. 9d.

DEREK HUDSON:

English Critical Essays, Twentieth Century, Second Series

Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.

What have the poets been able to make of the industrial environment

which has so largely replaced the background of town-and-country from which they earlier drew their imagery?

Jeremy Warburg's anthology, *The Industrial Muse*, gives us a beautifully produced review of what his subtitle calls 'the Industrial Revolution in English Poetry'. What verdict must we come to? Has it been proved in fact that, as Day Lewis claimed, a factory has 'the qualifications for poetic treatment possessed by a flower'? No, it has not. Where the poets have written as if this were so, the results are curious, or unintentionally comic, or bad for the most part. Most of the poets have referred to industrial society only in terms of protest and condemnation. There are some signs that at a middle discursive level a small degree of genuine imaginative assimilation of the technological environment is possible: but we are not within sight of a modern *Works and Days* or *Georgics*.

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Another curious anthology is Christopher Adams's *The Worst English Poets*. There is always a danger that 'badness' will in such cases be judged in a bad way. The first half of the twentieth century produced a mentality for which any expression of the normal values of civilized life is *ipso facto* a subject for sneers and simpering witticisms. Christopher Adams in his selection avoids this fault, except possibly in one or two cases where mediocre or artless lines seem not to deserve any special citation for badness unless the sentiments they embody are supposed to be intrinsically absurd, e.g. this patriotic couplet of Thomas Gilbank Ackland:

*Lives there a man, so despicably tame,
Whose heart ne'er bounded at its
Country's name?*

or this *In Memoriam* piece:

*Gone! He has left us for a far-off
country
A distant bourne,
And through Northamptonshire, castle
and cottage
His loss will mourn.*

What makes this so notably bad to the anthologist: is it the assumption of a class society and a belief in an after-life?

The most interesting thing about the reading of bad verse is the relentlessness with which it raises the question: What really makes the difference between good and bad?

The best essay in Derek Hudson's *English Critical Essays* confronts us with this question: it is Naomi Lewis's very interesting essay on Ella Wheeler Wilcox, 'perhaps the best unacceptable poet who ever lived'. Why is it, as *The Times* remarked when she died in 1919, that she could be so important to so many readers of all stations and yet not gain any acceptance amongst the critics? The question is not so easy to answer as one might think.

James McAuley

V. S. NAIPUL:

The Suffrage of Elvira

Andre Deutsch. London. 18s. 9d.

The author is an Indian from Trinidad now writing in England. His novel is an outstanding example of a growing class of books dealing with colonial and ex-colonial countries from the point of view of an insider who can interpret to the English reader. This is a brilliantly comic study of the process of democracy in a small town populated by Hindus and Muslims and Christians. People catch on to the democratic idea very quickly. As one character says: 'People do the voting, is true. But is the committee that do the organizing. In this modern world, you can't get nowhere if you don't organize.'

JOSEPH CAMPBELL (editor):

Man and Time

Routledge & Kegan Paul. London. 55s. 6d.

One of the threads running through many of the papers is the different way time has been envisaged in different traditions of human thought. In general, the pre-Christian conception of time was circular: the modal image was the recurrence of the seasons, or the cycle of birth-death-rebirth in the vegetable world. Only with the Judaeo-Christian tradition did the conception of time as rectilinear arise: for it there was a Beginning, a one-directional and unrepeatable sequence and an End. Augustine in *The City of God* brought out clearly the contrast between the pagan conception of an eternal recurrence in 'false cycles' and the straight line, *via recta* of history as conceived by Christianity, where there is 'novelty, no repetition, no returning in a circle'. Modern philosophy and historiography have oscillated between these two conceptions: the cyclic views of history, and a rectilinear conception of a secularized Progress. Modern science has used only the rectilinear model.

HERGÉ:

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN:

*King Ottakar's Sceptre**The Crab with the Golden Claws*

Methuen, London. 10s. 9d. each

The 'comic-strip' formula at book-length, simple, amusing and exciting—yet executed with artistic skill and with a sophistication which brings in the adults without driving out the children. This has been for many years the achievement of Hergé and his team, who have made Tintin and his dog Snowy enormously popular in Europe. These first two volumes in the Tintin saga now introduce him to the English-reading public.

Several points strike the attentive and delighted reader. As one turns the pages one is taken quite subtly through a changing series of colour-experiences, and one becomes more and more appreciative of the strategy employed. A nice strategic sense is shown also in the handling of dramatic tensions, including the need to make the end-picture of each page a real 'point' that stimulates one to read on. And then one cannot

but see how much fun the team must have had in various parts. In *King Ottakar's Sceptre*, the history of the Balkan kingdom of Syldaria, embellished with mediaeval-style pictures, which forms part of the story, is sheer delight; but so also are countless less spectacular details which please by their complete rightness.

ERWIN PANOFSKY:

Gothic Architecture & Scholasticism

Thames & Hudson, London. 15s. 6d.

A great art historian sums up his profound studies of the correlation that exists between Gothic architecture and Scholastic thought. Just as the High Scholastic *Summa* was an attempted synthesis, a planned, highly-structured 'totality', so 'the High Gothic cathedral sought to embody the whole of Christian knowledge, theological, moral, natural and historical'. Panofsky is able to show in detail the real analogies of structure and style, for example between the *quaestiones* of the Schools and the formal 'problems' of the architects.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

It is not really a secret though we have not mentioned it hitherto. The M on the cover is *George Molnar*, exercising his wide talent in a way not as familiar to readers as his cartoons.

Tom Truman, who teaches in the University of Queensland, has, as his article mentions, already taken issue with Professor Macmahon Ball elsewhere. Here he develops the case for our present foreign policy commitment more thoroughly.

Last year the Australian Association for Cultural Freedom invited the Hungarian writer *Tibor Meray* to make a lecture tour in Australia. We feel that not only those who met him but many other readers will be interested in his impressions.

R. G. Geering had the opportunity while at Oxford University of meeting the late Joyce Cary and looking at his unpublished manuscripts.

We asked *R. F. Brissenden* some time ago to write about Raymond Chandler so as to bring out something of the contemporary significance of this master entertainer. This essay on the Private Eye as folk hero is the interesting result.

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